

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1917

SEVENPENCE.

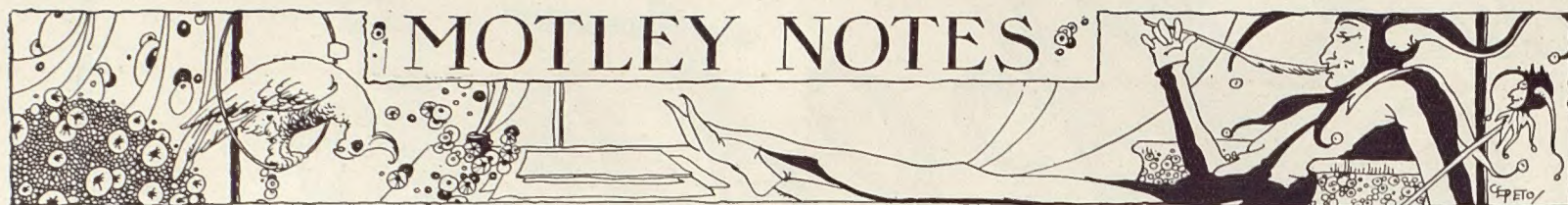


TO APPEAR IN "L'AMIRAL," AT THE GARRICK, ON NOVEMBER 11: Mlle. LUCIENNE DERVYLE.

The delightful recollections which playgoers have of Mlle. Lucienne Dervyle in "High Jinks," at the Adelphi, will ensure a warm welcome for the clever actress and singer from those who recall her vivacity and *chic* as the Chef de Reception at the Hotel de Pavillon, at Beauville. To welcome her again,

this time in the company of her compatriots, the French Players, will be a pleasure to all who on former occasions have enjoyed her vivacity and charm. The French Players will appear at the Garrick for three weeks, to the joy of those who appreciate the *finesse* and spirit of that clever company of artists.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

AFTER THE ZEPPELIN RAID.

PLAIN MAN. What's the trouble? You look rather cross.

EXCITED FELLOW. Cross? Haven't I a right to be cross? Look at what happened last night!

PLAIN MAN. You weren't killed, I hope?

EXCITED FELLOW. No! But what saved me? The Government? The Admiralty? The War Office? No, Sir! Just luck! Sheer luck! That's all!

PLAIN MAN. I suppose you know how many Zeppelins there were?

EXCITED FELLOW. Eleven, I understand. Disgraceful!

PLAIN MAN. And did you know there were four of 'em down in France?

EXCITED FELLOW. Ah, wonderful people, the French!

PLAIN MAN. And has it reached you that a fifth is probably down, and three more drifting helplessly across Europe?

EXCITED FELLOW. Yes, yes!

That's all very well! But twenty-seven people were killed in England! Think of that!

PLAIN MAN. And a Zeppelin—one Zeppelin—carries a crew of twenty-two highly trained men. Think of that. Can you multiply at all?

EXCITED FELLOW. I don't want any of your sophistries or silly humbug! These raids are a disgrace to the Government! If the Government can't put a stop to them, the Government must be turned out! That's the long and short of the matter! You ought to hear my wife on the subject! She couldn't sleep a wink the whole night!

PLAIN MAN. That, I admit, is very awful. Had she been out to dinner?

EXCITED FELLOW. Yes, she had, as it happens. But I don't see what that has to do with it. What she says is, "Where was the barrage?" And I agree with her! Where was it?

PLAIN MAN. Is she so fond of the barrage?

EXCITED FELLOW. Yes! No! Well, what I mean is, at first she was all against it, but now she's come to expect it. A raid with a barrage we can understand, but this silent business! It's far worse than anything!

PLAIN MAN. And so you would like the barrage turned on because it's the latest sort of stunt, eh? You amuse me, you people!

EXCITED FELLOW. Now, let me tell you something. I pay for the barrage! I pay for the War! I pay Carson, and Lloyd George, and French, and all these other jossers to do as they're told. If they don't do it, out they go!

PLAIN MAN. And you come in, I suppose?

EXCITED FELLOW. If I did come in—!

PLAIN MAN. I know. You'd turn on the barrage twice nightly—once at six-fifty for the children, and again at nine for the so-called grown-ups.

EXCITED FELLOW. It's men like you that are going to lose us this war!

PLAIN MAN. Well, if squealing, and screaming, and talking tosh about things you can't possibly understand are going to win the War, the sooner you get into the War Cabinet the better!

The Bonar Law Way.

Mr. Bonar Law has a way of saying terrible things in simple words and a quiet voice. I cannot imagine anything much harder to swallow than this—

"Two raids have already taken place over German towns. In consequence of the pressure of one or two Members of this House, and the pressure of the newspapers to find out exactly what was going to be done, it is the fact that the Germans, who knew the only quarter from which these raids could take place, sent down fighting squadrons to be ready for our men. And they were ready."

Surely that would get through almost any hide! And here is another little Bonarism to sleep on—

"As to the raid on Friday night, if the Germans ever smile at our method of conducting war, they will certainly have a very happy time when, in connection with a Zeppelin raid which was by far the greatest air defeat Germany has ever suffered, they find that the British House of Commons thinks it necessary to stop its business in order to discuss the raid."

Yes, and why did it? Or, to go as far as Mr. *Punch* in his cartoon, why should Parliament reassemble at all while the War is on?

If only the British were as brave morally as they are physically, there would be a reasonable hope of finishing the war pretty soon. If Kitchener were alive, as some fond folks maintain, he would certainly have reappeared long before this to take over the business of Dictator.

The "Bomb-Berliners."

I love these comfortable, rather stout, very well-to-do gentlemen who sit over their large luncheons and say—

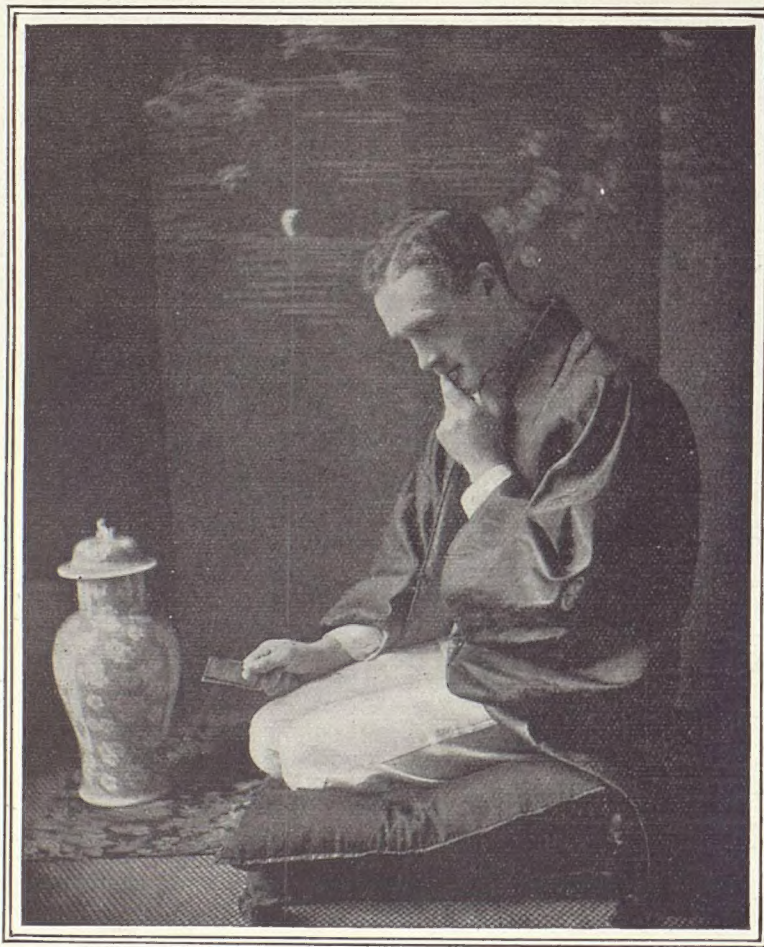
"My dear fellow, there's one thing to do, and only one. Berlin must be bombed. Berlin must be reduced to ashes by our airmen. It *can* be done, and it *must* be done. We must see to it that it *is* done. What's that? Dangerous? Pooh! What does that matter? Almost certain death for the lads? That can't be helped. I can't be kept awake at night, and run the risk of having my attics spoilt, because Berlin

happens to be a long way off! If I were only thirty or forty years younger, I'd jump into the first aeroplane that was standing about and be over Berlin with my load of bombs in no time! Nothing should stop me! Nothing! As it is, I may as well have another cigar and another liqueur! Waiter!"

We all know them, these fierce ones. They are willing to sacrifice anything on this earth but the two things the highwaymen used to demand—their own money or their own lives. Tremendous dogs! Headlong swashbucklers! And, if the cabman takes his corners too sharply going home, see how quick they will be to hammer on the glass or shove their bloated faces out of the window! For they are very rich, and the very rich must not be hurt.

As for a few lads of twenty, with all their lives before them, pooh! Mere nobodies! Let 'em go and do it, and the sooner the better!

Don't you love them?



WITH THE MIRROR THAT PLAYS SO IMPORTANT A PART: MR. OWEN NARES IN "THE WILLOW TREE," AT THE GLOBE.

Photograph by Compton Collier.

RAID FASHIONS.



SANDBAG FROCKS for flappers who don't want to go home.

SANDBAG SUITS for Specials going on full-moon duty.

FAMILY SANDBAGS for Cellarless Suburbanites

WE CAN'T ALL HAVE DUG-OUTS ; SO, WHY NOT THE PERSONAL SAND-BAG ?

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



The Fair at the Savoy.

Think of another fair for which we want to spend some (mighty little in my case!) of what the necessities of life have left us. On Dec. 5, 6, 7, and 8 there will be held at the Savoy Hotel, in aid of the Children of Soldiers and Sailors, a fair, the proceeds of which will be equally divided between the following organisations for Child-Welfare: The Invalid Children's Aid Association, the Duchess of Marlborough's Fund for Infant Welfare, and the Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee of the Empress Club. The Duchess of Marlborough is President, and Lady Beatty and Lady Macready are Chairmen. The Fair will be opened on Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2.30. The first two days the admission will be five shillings, three shillings on the third day, and a humble shilling on the fourth.



RAIDJAMAS AS ARRANGED BY AUNTIE—PLUS THE NEW FUR-TOPPED WOOLLEN BOOTS!

An American Club.

"English comfort" is nobly exemplified in the new club for American army and navy officers informally opened on Oct. 24 at 9, Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon Street, through the hospitality of Lord Leconfield, whose stately town house has been lent to the British section of the Pilgrims, that famous Anglo-American social and political organisation which is providing all the conveniences and luxuries of a First Avenue club. The large reception-hall with open stone fireplace has been fitted up with telephone booths and coat-room; an adjacent reception-room contains writing-desks and English periodicals; a dining-room with small tables seats sixty; and a beautiful library with five long windows gives upon a balcony and a small garden just now autumnly sad, but with latent promise of spring. This room is the most attractive in the house, with teak woodwork and magnificent rosewood doors; exquisite rugs, which their owner would not allow to be removed (although he yielded in the case of his valuable books and old blue brocade), furniture lent by the Canadian Pacific Railway from their liners, like most of the leather-covered chairs, tables, and writing-desks in the various rooms. The Allan Steamship Line has also contributed, and the Office of Works. At the far end of the library is a portrait of Lord Roberts, first President of the Pilgrims, by Francks, lent by one of the English members.

Ladies' Night.

In the gallery overlooking the impressive grand staircase are chairs and smoking-tables—very cosy for the weekly ladies' night. On the landing are the silken flags of the two great English-speaking nations. The beautiful teak-wood floors have been covered with a serviceable parquet by advice of the competent indefatigable business secretary, Mrs. Welsh Lee (also secretary of the Pilgrims), who has been working for two months to prepare the house for occupation. The ball-room is now the billiard, pool, and smoke room, with American bar attached. Afternoon tea does not strongly appeal to the average American, who finds greater solace in a cock-tail or a "high-ball," as Americans call a whisky-and-soda. The large drawing room, hung



WHERE MORE WOMEN WORKERS ARE WANTED: LEARNING TO MAKE LENSES FOR GUN-SIGHTS, AT THE NORTHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, NORTH LONDON.

Photograph by the Farrington Photo. Company.

with pink and wine brocade satin, is now the American reading-room; a smaller drawing-room has become a card-room; and Lady Leconfield's apartments the executive offices. Up a winding Early Victorian staircase are the modest, low-ceiled bedrooms accommodating forty guests, with from one to four in one room. Extra bath-rooms are being added. Among the private gifts are a complete set of flat silver from Mr. E. R. Thomas, of New York. The Duke of Connaught is the President of the Club, as he is of the Pilgrims'. The social secretary is Mr. G. Herbert Windeler, an Englishman long resident in Boston; the treasurer Colonel Millard Hunsiper, an American; Lady Paget is chairman of the Ladies' Hospitality Committee. On the day before the informal opening, the King and Queen inspected the club, where the Hon. Walter Hines Page received their Majesties, who showed great interest in idea and execution.

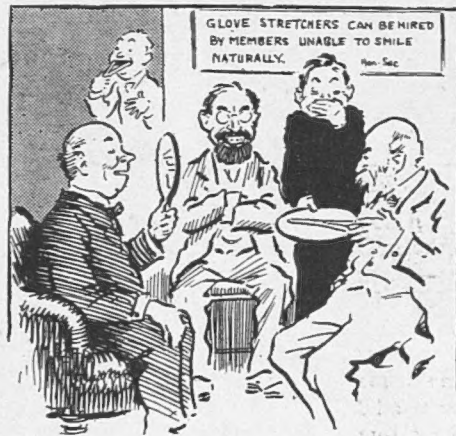


A CLERGYMAN AS BARROW-WHEELER THE REV. MR. MANDELL JONES TAKING VEGETABLES FROM HIS CHURCH TO A V.A.D. HOSPITAL, AFTER HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

A 'Varsity Contingent.

Americans are beginning to appreciate the meaning of war sacrifice. Out of a class of 700 men, nearly 600 seniors of Harvard University have joined the colours, so that only about 100 students were enrolled at the beginning of the 282nd year of that famous university in September. Old John Harvard must be proud of his sons. The customary attendance of 5000 has been depleted by 1500 for various war reasons, and the "Varsity" football is to be temporarily abandoned, although the freshmen will still have their eleven. Uncle Sam is going to pay one dollar a year salary to Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the largest national bank in America, the National City Bank of New York, as Chairman of the War Savings Certificates Committee. He has given up his New York post for the duration of the war, and gone to Washington to float the two billion dollar issues (£400,000,000) recently authorised by Congress. He was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury sixteen years ago, and he knows all that is worth knowing about money and how to make it.



A NON-GRUMBLERS' CLUB HAS BEEN STARTED FOR RAID NIGHTS: AN IMAGINARY SCENE ON ITS PREMISES.

A Very Blue Bill.

May I offer a suggestion for the colour of the new Air uniform—grey faced with "horizon" blue. Those colours blended are invisible at a very short distance. This has been proved by no less a person than Marie Tempest. When a well-known actor signed his agreement to support her as leading man on an American tour, he stipulated in his contract that his name should be on the bills in letters of equal size to those spelling Miss Tempest's name. Judge of his horror when, on looking out of his bedroom window on his first morning in New York, he saw a bluish-grey bill with "Marie Tempest" in chocolate letters, and apparently nothing else. He dressed hastily and went to inspect the bill again before making a complaint. When face to face with it, he saw his name printed in horizon blue on a pale-grey ground. The size of the letters was according to agreement, but they couldn't be seen half across Broadway! Mary wary, if not "contrary"!



A FAMOUS DANCER ADVISES THESE EXERCISES TO GIVE GRACE.

Killed at His Gun.

Jacob Epstein is very much affected by the death of his greatest friend, T. E. Hulme, who was killed at his gun on Sept. 28. He was a brilliant writer on the *New Age*, and had translated Sorel, the Italian philosopher's book on "Violence." He was a man with a strong personality. His death causes a big blank.

Takin the Plunge. Luxuries are difficult to come by these days, but I like in hot weather to have tea at the Bath Club—they do not give one much to eat: the luxury is not there—but, as I sip my tea, to hear people slip into the swimming-bath, which is just behind the door of the writing-room; and in cold weather the experience is still luxurious, because one sits cosily wrapped up in one's furs and does a malicious little smile as the gasp of the swimmer as he (or she) enters the water is heard.



AND NOT A BOY COMPLAINED: THE L.C.C. AUTHORITIES HAVE DECIDED TO CLOSE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS FOR A WEEK

Fund—much needed nowadays, when so many of their *confrères* have fallen on hard times. There was a most excellent all-star cast of entertainers; and the audience were shepherded by charming programme-sellers, amongst whom I especially noted Miss Renée Mayer, Miss Netta Westcott, Miss Sadrene Storri, and Miss Betty Chester—that last young lady vivacity itself, in a black frock and long jade necklace, and a small black hat with Futurist wool flowers around the crown, the *tout ensemble bien chic*. Irene Vanbrugh, entirely youthful, graceful, and *spirituelle*, recited Alfred Noyes's "The Barrel-Organ," and, despite the thrill of her voice, I had to visualise for my readers her white and smoke-grey chiffon frock, with a shimmering golden hem and flame-coloured sash. Then Mark Hambourg came in and played Tchaikovsky's "Chanson Triste" and Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 2—the house in entire delight over his genius. Ellen Terry, gracious *doyenne* of the Press Club, appeared between the curtains in her scarlet robes and gave us once again Portia's appeal for justice. To our further pleasure, Mr. Arthur Bouchier gave us *Explosion II.* of "The Better 'Ol." Mlle. Lydia Kyasht appeared more beautiful than ever in a pale-blue brocade frock, buttoned with great emeralds (and stones to match upon her dainty shoes), a swinging short coat bordered with white fox, and a diamond coronet clasped with a pearl rope beneath her chin; she danced with all the vivacity and grace to which we are accustomed. R. G. Knowles, the patter king and teller of good stories, and Alfred Lester as a non-combatant objector in a golf-cape, were true to their traditions. Nelson Keys convulsed us with his imitations—really he is cruelly realistic about Gerald du Maurier. We had a creepy and convincing recitation ("A Fragment" of Robert Louis Stevenson) by Dion Boucicault. Alice Delysia, who had been sitting close behind me, so that I was able to envy her lovely sable wrap and muff, came on with Leon Morton and sang in one of their inimitable duets; she was simply irresistible, and her dress captured my entire approval—a black crêpe-de-Chine jumper and skirt, with a white-satin waistcoat, and scarlet roses in her belt, a black velvet toque *bordée* with ermine, the thinnest of stockings and slimmest of ankles showing off buckled shoes and a diamond ankle-bracelet—*bien délicieux*, whichever way you spell her! A middle-aged and immaculate stranger in evening dress turned out to be George Robey, with his matchless humour; and when Violet Loraine and he sang "If You were the Only Girl" they were irresistible. That young actress of great personality also sang "He Followed Me," and I am sure everything khaki in the house wanted to, *instantly*. Her



AS THE FLAPPER'S SKIRT SAID TO HER SILK STOCKINGS WHEN SILK PRICES ROSE: "If you're going up, I shall have to come down."

Duse as an Epic Muse.

The great Duse is still great; she has had the splendid idea of having a theatre at the front—the Italian front—principally to tell all those peasants called up to act as soldiers what exactly they are fighting for. Horrible it must be to die in a quarrel which you never provoked, and without realising even what the trouble is about! They tell me Duse is at her finest; the art she gives one now is a marvellous thing. She is inspired—a wonderful woman who has suffered much.

Stars a-Shining for Charity.

On Sunday, Oct. 21, Mr. Oswald Stoll lent the Coliseum to the Press Club, who organised a most successful evening performance in aid of their



STILL DOING MAGNIFICENT WORK ON THE WESTERN FRONT: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG—HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

Official Photograph.

rock, by the way, was the softest shell-pink georgette, with a Pompadour blue belt and shoes and stockings, suiting her golden head and blue eyes to perfection. *Enfin*, it was a real nice party, as the Americans say—and all done with that informality and *bonhomie* characteristic of our great artistes. Judging by the crowded house, I should think the receipts must have been entirely satisfactory, and that a fat cheque will be handed over to the treasurer of the Press Club.

A Bunch of Boys. Nelson Keys—*alias* "Bunch," for obvious reasons—has developed from a humourist into a great agriculturist! He was telling me in the small hours the other night (at a Chelsea Rag, good people) that his Westcliff garden was a vegetarian paradise. "What is your best crop," I asked, "laurels or potatoes?" "Neither," said he proudly. "My bunch of boys." Three sons, ranging from seven years to five months. Bravo, "Bunch"! London continues to be gay, in spite of air raids.



AN OUTSTANDING SUCCESS AS THE DREAM DAUGHTER IN "DEAR BRUTUS," AT WYNDHAM'S: MISS FAITH CECIL.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Cheering Them Up.

All over town hostesses are giving tea and "little" dances. Lady Howard de Walden has had some jolly dances for wounded officers, as has Mrs. Campbell Hunter at the Old Court House; and Mrs. Keith Cameron intends having a series for her Guardsman son, who is home wounded.

Her First Stripe.

Lady Diana Manners has got a stripe for one year's V.A.D. work—quite a tribute. Her sister, Lady Elcho, whom I saw leaving Mr. Ambrose McEvoy's studio the other day (she is sitting for a wonderful portrait of herself in a black filmy evening gown), is a most devoted worker in the Duchess of Rutland's hospital. By the way, Mr. McEvoy has done some perfectly fascinating water-colour drawings of Lady Diana with her hair done a new way and in billowy skirts (which suggest Fragonard). Mr. McEvoy is as clever as he is good-looking.

A Really Royal Queen.

More fatiguing than having one's portrait painted and V.A.D. work combined, however, is to be a member of seventeen committees, and that is the fate—the chosen fate—of Lady Swaythling, who remains, in spite of all her work, one of the prettiest, most daintily dressed of Society women. By the way, I hear that, added to these labours, she shares the work of unpacking parcels for the Queen's Needlework Guild with the Queen, who is a wonderful worker with a keen sense of humour that keeps all her assistants fresh after long bouts of work. During the next few weeks Queen Mary and her ladies will be hard at work unpacking parcels and making plans for Christmas charities. By the way, I was talking to a friend who was in Paris when the Queen paid her visit there some years ago; he said on every hand there were expressions of admiration for Queen Mary, whom they termed a really royal Queen.

"Anciens Combattants."

There was quite a successful concert at the Hippodrome of Richmond on the 21st, given by the "Cercle des Anciens Combattants," under the patronage of Princess Napoleon. Lieutenant General Ortlé is president of the club, whose aim is to help discharged soldiers and their families. Mme. Emilia Conti, Mme. Hélène Feltesse, Mme. Servais, Mr. Alfred Marchot, Mr. Ad. Coryn, Mr. Fernand Crommelynck, Mr. François Sirou, Mr. Hubert Raidich, Mr. Ch. Gerardy, and Mme. A. Dessart sang and played for the good cause. Ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal and the Duke of Orleans often attend the club concert, which takes place every month on a Sunday.

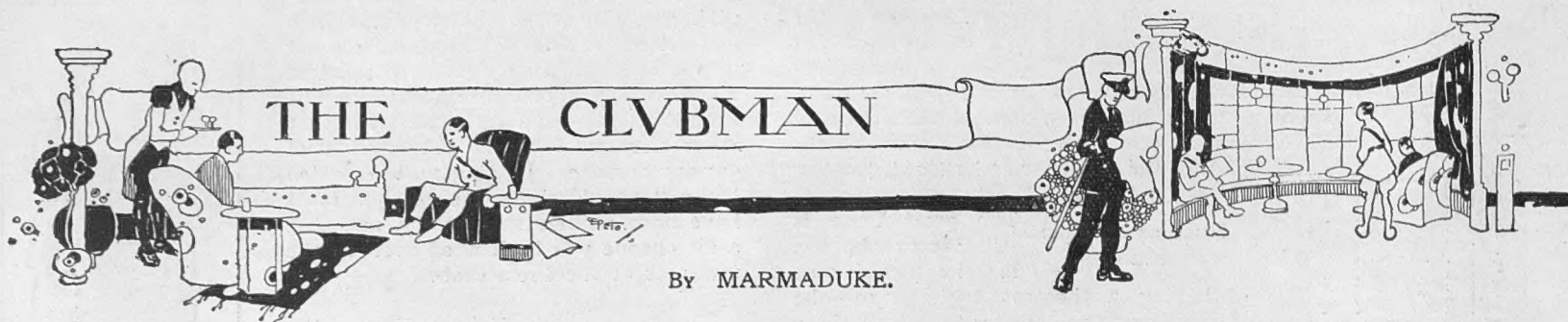


REPORTED ILL AGAIN: THE FORMER KING OF GREECE IN EXILE.

On the left of the photograph is the ex-King's second daughter, Princess Irene.—[Photograph by C.N.]



PRESENT-DAY VALUES. "What's your new cook like?" "Splendid, my dear: she's worth her weight in tea."



By MARMADUKE.

A MERCIFUL dispensation is it that, with the flight of time, the sun ever shines more fiercely upon pleasure experienced, ever sets more rapidly upon pain endured! To whoever created the phrase "the good old times" attaches grave responsibility for deceiving the many necessarily ignorant of past conditions. Whatever individuals may be—whether especially good, polished, or clever, or exceptionally depraved, vulgar, or ignorant—the world generally is always improving, always growing more virtuous, reasonable, intelligent, prosperous, happy, and hopeful.

There are, fortunately, still living some with personal knowledge of a few of the "charms" it is assumed modern developments have swept away; more to whom parents and others have described inconveniences prevailing at the day. To whom, for instance, would the discomforts and dangers of travelling then by coach not now be intolerable? Seats had often to be booked—and paid for—a fortnight in advance; and were ill-health, weather, or other circumstance to compel the journey to be postponed, the fare was forfeited. Seldom, if ever, were the driver and guard the bluff, hearty, civil, and attentive officials modern writers of Christmas Annuals and novels represent them to have been. Drunken, dictatorial, extortionate tyrants of the lowest type, they were generally in league together—and with all along the road—to fleece passengers with the utmost ingenuity. An inside seat in a crowded coach closely resembled in summer the Black Hole of Calcutta—most travellers objecting to air! It was the peculiarity of others, however, to insist upon having the windows open, whatever the weather!

Our predecessors, moreover, possessed far more "individuality" than is permitted to us; in speech, manner, and temper they were less restrained, and their "eccentricities" more pronounced. Many of the roads were indescribably bad—ill-drained, uneven, scored with ruts when dry, choked with mud when wet. The darkness was almost impenetrable upon a moonless night; besides, a horse might fall, a wheel become detached, a trace break, the coach upset, or the team bolt! Or a snow-drift might delay further progress for hours—miles from shelter! An outside seat would entail even worse discomfort—scorching heat, occasionally, in summer; biting cold and drenching rain in winter.

Arrival at the wayside inn at which travellers were to dine caused only change of vexation. Seldom was the expected meal to time; after a long wait would be served the joint—vegetables, bread, salt, pepper, and other accompaniments being purposely delayed. It was part of the carefully planned scheme to rob the

unfortunate passengers—the guard announcing approaching departure immediately upon the first course being removed! The charges were excessive in the extreme, and no time was afforded for successfully disputing them, for the coach would start, leaving the contentious passenger behind—separated from his luggage, suffering the loss of the fare, and at the mercy of the landlord! Three or four days of such physical and mental torment would drive most men and women to-day to the brink of madness—yet there are superficial writers

and plausible conversationalists who still praise the "good old times," and express regret at their having been replaced by the "vulgarity" and "commonplaces" of the present!



MADE AT THE LORD ROBERTS' MEMORIAL WORKSHOP BY DISCHARGED SOLDIERS: VERY MODERN DOLLS.

The dolls here shown form part of an exhibition of Christmas toys at the Lyceum Club. British doll-making is going ahead rapidly.

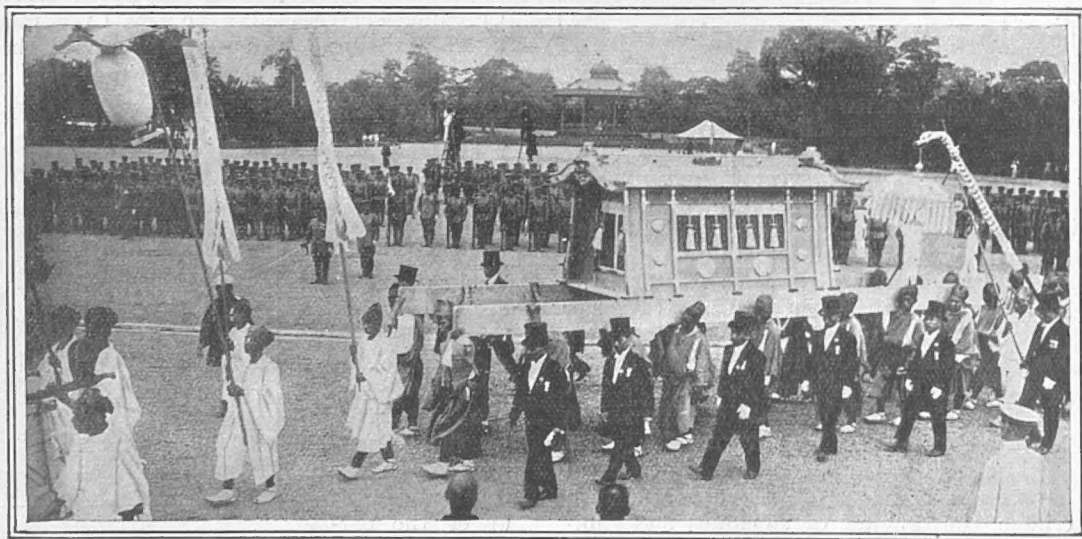
Photograph by L.N.A.

Forty years ago, the "gilded youth" of the time would indulge in free-fights at Cremorne Gardens, the Argyll Rooms, and other places of entertainment—frequently throwing bottles indiscriminately at all around. The following account of a scene of the sort is quoted from "London in the Sixties": "A Derby night without a row was, in those days, an impossibility, and the evening that our contingent started from the Raleigh Club was no exception. . . . The expected scrimmage was not long in coming: in a second, and without previous warning, sticks were crashing down upon

top-hats, tumblers flying in every direction, and fists coming into contact with anything or anybody whose proximity seemed to invite it."

Will it be believed now that, on Oxford and Cambridge boat-race night, the combined youth at Cremorne would march from Fulham "hustling" all in the streets through which the procession passed—flanked on either side with police,

whose object, apparently, was to protect the rioters, not the public! "The wisdom of our ancestors" is a companion phrase to that of "the good old times"—and equally misleading. It is to the folly of our ancestors we owe most of the troubles from which we still suffer; to the wisdom of our descendants it is that we must look forward for their removal.

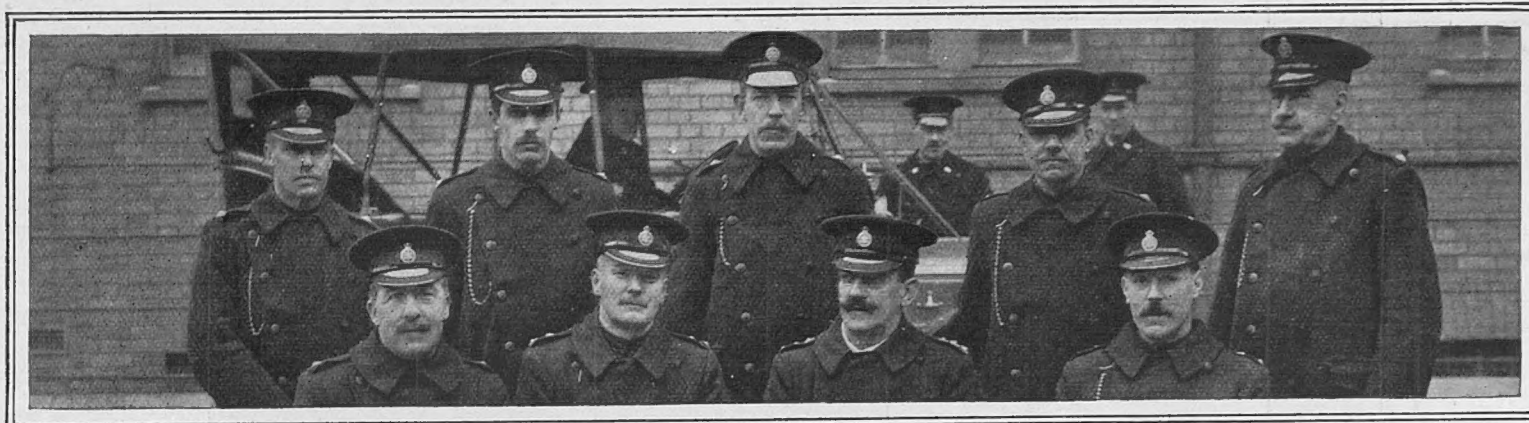


A CIVIC FUNERAL IN JAPAN: THE BODY OF THE LATE MAYOR OF TOKIO ARRIVING AT HIBIYA PARK.

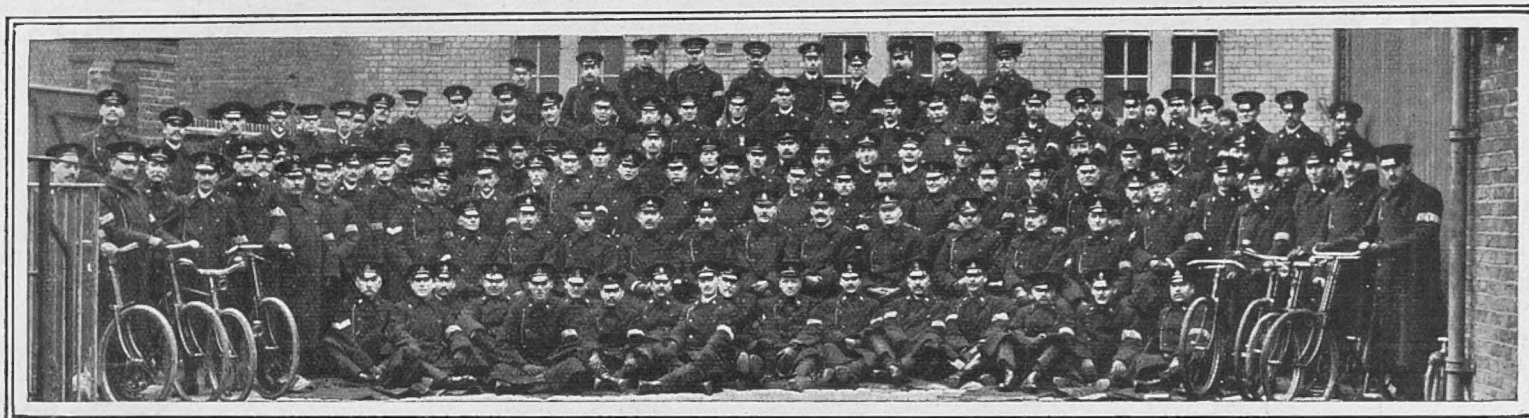
Photograph by C.N.

WITH THE SPECIALS :

XLV. AND XLVI.—STOKE NEWINGTON ("N"), AND CHADWELL HEATH DIVISIONS.



STOKE NEWINGTON ("N") DIVISION: A GROUP OF THE OFFICERS.

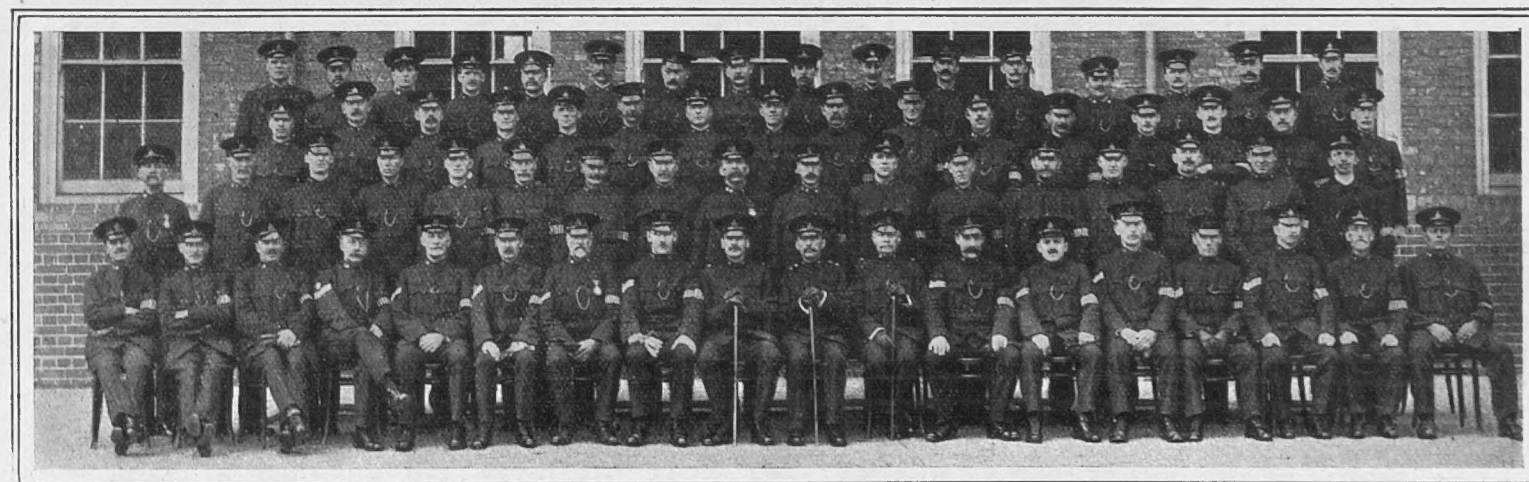


STOKE NEWINGTON ("N") DIVISION: A GENERAL GROUP OF OFFICERS, SERGEANTS, AND CONSTABLES.

In the upper photograph, reading from left to right, are: (Back Row, Standing) Sub-Inspectors W. R. Hood, T. J. Russell, G. Lloyd, J. Phillips, and L. S. Wass. In the Front Row (seated) are: Sub-Inspector H. J. Ormond, Inspector W. W. White, Chief Inspector T. S. Locking, and Inspector L. R. Rochefort.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]



CHADWELL HEATH DIVISION: A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS.



CHADWELL HEATH DIVISION: A GENERAL GROUP OF OFFICERS, SERGEANTS, AND CONSTABLES.

In the upper photograph, standing in the Back Row, are (left to right): Sergts. J. Friend, J. Butler, T. Mallinson, G. Biggs, G. Postance, W. J. Wynne. In the Front Row, seated, are: Sergts. W. Tyler, P. B. Fletcher, Sub-Inspector J. B. Thompson, Inspector W. Sanford, Sub-Inspector W. Ward, Sergts. A. E. Hill, A. Pollard.—[Photos, Campbell-Gray.]

"LE ROI" AND THE DECOY: THE EMPIRE'S APACHE DANCERS.

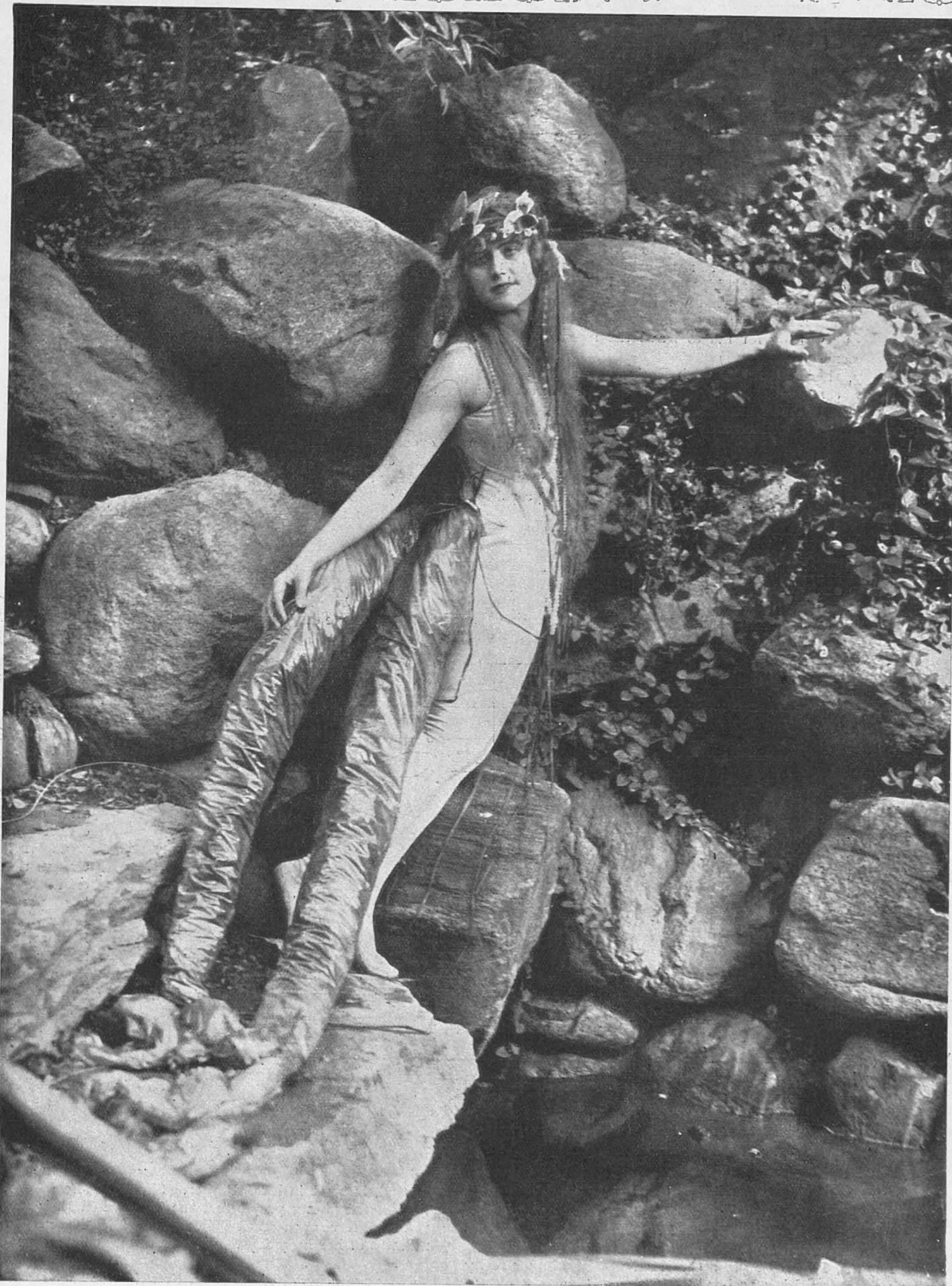


A THRILL IN THE EMPIRE REVUE: MISS IVY SHILLING AS THE DECOY AND MR. FRED A. LESLIE AS AN APACHE IN "TOPSY-TURVY."

One of the "strong points" of the Empire revue, "Topsy-Turvy," is the dancing of Miss Ivy Shilling and Mr. Fred Leslie. Our photographs show them in the most sensational of their dances—that in the scene called "Le Roi," laid in a haunt of

criminals. Mr. Leslie is "Le Roi," the Apache leader, and Miss Shilling is the Decoy Knite and revolver figure in the climax. The whole episode is a vivid example of tragedy in action.—[Photograph by Hana Studios.]

"I WOULD BE A MERMAID FAIR": A RED CROSS NAIAD.



IN A RED CROSS PAGEANT AT HUNTINGDON, LONG ISLAND: MISS BETTY RHODES AS A MERMAID.

In this country we are accustomed to see many uncommon costumes donned in the cause of war charity, but so far we have not run to mermaids. The States are ahead of us in this respect, as witness this charming photograph of Miss Betty Rhodes, "one of the mermaids" (to quote the photographer's note) "in the National Red Cross Pageant, staged in the Rosemary Open-Air Theatre at Huntingdon, L.I." Huntingdon, Long

Island, was the birthplace of Walt Whitman, who would doubtless have had something breezy to say of his fair compatriot, could he have seen her thus attired. Failing Walt Whitman, we turn to Tennyson's "Mermaid," who sings: "i would be a mermaid fair. . . . i would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall Low adown, low adown, From under my starry sea-bud crown." Miss Rhodes well illustrates the poet's picture.

Photograph by Topical.



BIDDING FOR OLD BILL'S BRUSH.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WENT to tea the other day to Rosemary's. Rosemary is my best pal—we never quarrel in that bitter-sweet way women have between them; she is not curious about my dress-maker, she tells me all her peccadilloes with touching trustfulness. She makes no secret of the fact that we have the same taste in men, and when I bring a nice boy to see her she grabs him and sits on his knee without waiting for me to leave the room! (Have I told you that Rosemary was six?)

The other day, then, I had tea with Rosemary in her nursery. It was a *partie carrée*—Rosemary, Miss Toogood (Rosemary's governess), the Someone Who Matters, and I.

Miss Toogood is an excellent lady, very middle-class and well-mannered—in fact, she is what we call in French "astride on etiquette." ("Why astride?" Don't ask me!)

So that our vivacious, if not witty, conversation was often irritatingly interrupted by her paralysing parentheses on propriety, such as—

"Rosemary, your elbow, dear child! You must not *lift* your elbow when drinking, my dear!" (Try it, amiable reader—'tis a teetotaler's trick, methinks!) "Rosemary, your elbows, dear child! Elbows are not meant to rest on the table!" (Rosemary looked as if she'd like to grow into a Venus de Milo!) "Rosemary, with your *left* hand, dear child! *Left*—one always breaks one's bread with the left hand!"

A glimmer of interest lighted up Rosemary's wearied little face. "Why the left, Miss Toogood? I can break things better with my right! Oh, I know—doesn't one break one's bread with the left hand because it's always the *less* dirty?"

What colour the present moustache of dear "Old Bill"? His old pair, black and bellicose, fetched eight guineas at the Oxford the other day. "Our Day." There was a collection made in the theatre for the Red Cross Fund, and Mr. Bouchier, after a effective little speech, sacrificed his no less effective fringe for the good cause. His moustache was put up for auction, and, strange to say, 'twas no fair admirer bought it, but a mere man! As a further privilege, Mr. Bouchier took him into his dressing-room to see the moustache shaven off.

As I write this, I haven't yet ascertained who the buyer really is. Perhaps an enterprising barber!

Piccadilly never loses its beauty and attraction; even on the greyest day it is still one of the most interesting spots in town, for is not Eros there busy shooting arrows at us all? When I last passed through, it was for once a brilliant autumn day, the sky blue, the sun softly strong, and the air *frappé*; and by me whizzed Lady Chetwynd on her way to a hospital concert—a vision of Titian hair and blue eyes; and, as I turned, just behind me I saw the Comtesse de Brioude, who had been buying purple-tipped cigarettes for the soldiers at the Savoy tea, for whom she was going to sing the following day, she told me.

Her last gift in the theatre to Gaby Deslys was a large fork, five feet high, of white heather—you remember, Gaby stabs the man in "La Fourchette" with a table-fork. Did you know that Gaby was an author? Well, I heard last night—the secret was well kept—that Gaby was responsible for this sketch, and also for others which will be included in her Paris revue. That last night was a very gay-sad one; the show went with a swing, Gaby looked her best, and the audience was responsive. Some of the wonderful frocks she wore are those destined to dazzle Paris, where she will stay for two months.

In Bond Street I saw the Baroness Percy de Worms, looking exceedingly well in dark-blue and grey—a combination of colour beloved by Lady Mackworth too—taking her morning exercise, and looking as fit as if she did not work most of the day and night in a canteen. The Baroness's recreation seems to be selling programmes at charity matinées—a job to break one's heart. She and Lady Alexander are among the few who do not retire early from the fray. Haven't you watched for some much-advertised beauty and hoped she would sell you your programme, and got your half-crown ready in anxious eagerness. Who amongst us hasn't? And what reward did our waiting meet with—a single glimpse of the delicate one's beauty as she surveyed the crowd and promptly

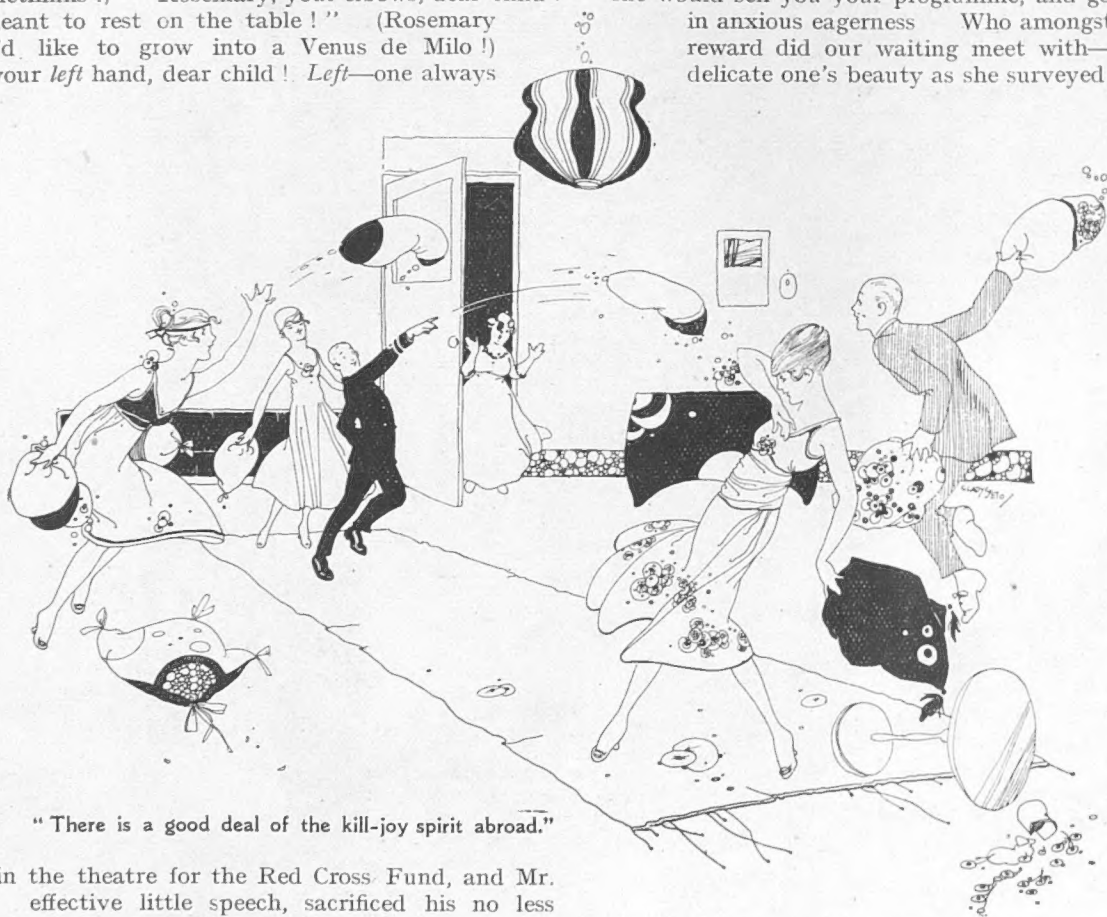
made up her mind to powder her nose again instead of distributing programmes.

I saw Mrs. Parker, Lord Kitchener's sister, walking briskly down Piccadilly. She is one of the most wonderful and energetic women conceivable, and is always trying to put wrongs right—a never-ending task, what! All her young relatives know that in her they have an understanding friend; and there are hosts of soldiers' wives and widows who have reason to be grateful to her. Her latest work is helping discharged soldiers who are not getting pensions quickly enough for their needs, and she has done great service in this way.

There is a good deal of the kill-joy spirit abroad, but not in Mrs. Parker. She has suffered during the war; but let the young people and the boys when they are on leave or wounded have as pleasant a time as possible, she says, and spares five minutes of her busy day to cheer them on at tea-dances and the like.

Have you heard of "women Freemasons"? I am told there is a lodge, and that a well-known Society lady is a member. A friend of mine who is thinking of joining was telling a man about it. "And so they are going to make you a Freema(i)sonette," was his amused reply. Not bad for war-time, eh?

A lot of distinguished folk have been telling me about the British Homestead scheme for providing disabled soldiers with comfy homesteads. Hall Caine, a number of leading people, and the indefatigable Mrs. Campbell Hunter are on the committee. Such a strenuous and clever crowd are they that one does not feel one would be missed. But, as a matter of fact, they want everybody's help.



If you ask your circle of friends you count a Japanese gentleman ask him some afternoon that London is particularly grey and cheerless to take you for a short trip to the land of saki, smiles, and rice. He will then guide you up Oxford Street, round the corner to Mortimer Street, and up the stairs to "Nihon-Jin-Kwai" (don't ask me to pronounce it).

There, in the cosy Japanese Club, you will partake of an excellent if unusual luncheon, served on square trays in many small dishes of dainty ware. No bread or potatoes, but rice in plenty, soup with squares of compressed beans floating in it, crab-omelette, roots of lotus-flowers, eels prepared in some mysterious and delicious way, dried seaweeds, and quaint biscuits, and pale-green tea served in handle-less cups. Chop-sticks in their fresh envelopes of tissue-paper wait for your clumsy fingers.

After lunch, a game of cards—yes? Such coquettish little cards—looking like children's toys. No kings, no queens, and no knaves, no spades, no hearts, aces, or diamonds; but flowers on the back of each card—chrysanthemums, wisteria, virtuous pine-trees, with strange birds amidst the branches.

Or a game of chess, perhaps, on the quaint chess-board, so unlike ours?

In the hall there's a large and magnificent seascape painted on velvet, which, my guide explained to me, is the sort of

picture made for exportation to Europe. Having said this, he further enlightened me by adding that since Europeans have gone to Japan and taught the Japanese "how to appreciate and understand their own art" (!), cheap, vividly coloured pictures sold at a farthing each at market fairs as presents for good children had now become so rare that £30 or £40 was the price paid

"Those who had time and money to spend on their looks."

by those lucky enough to secure them at all. Would it not be worth while for some enterprising youngster here to start now making a corner in some popular "comic"?

Those who are worrying more about the problems of re-population may be cheered to know that at about 2000 B.C. a plan for dealing with the superfluous woman was perfected in Babylon. It is so beautifully simple that I can only marvel that it did not survive the Devastations of Darius or the Conquests of Cyrus.

There always have been—and always, I think, will be—plenty of husbands (of sorts) to go round among the women under fifty. And who over that age wants to be bothered with one? In normal times of peace, the majority of wives survive their husbands by many years. Therefore the superfluous millions of women are accounted for by those relics too old to mate. So that the problem is not to find the men, but to make marriage attractive.

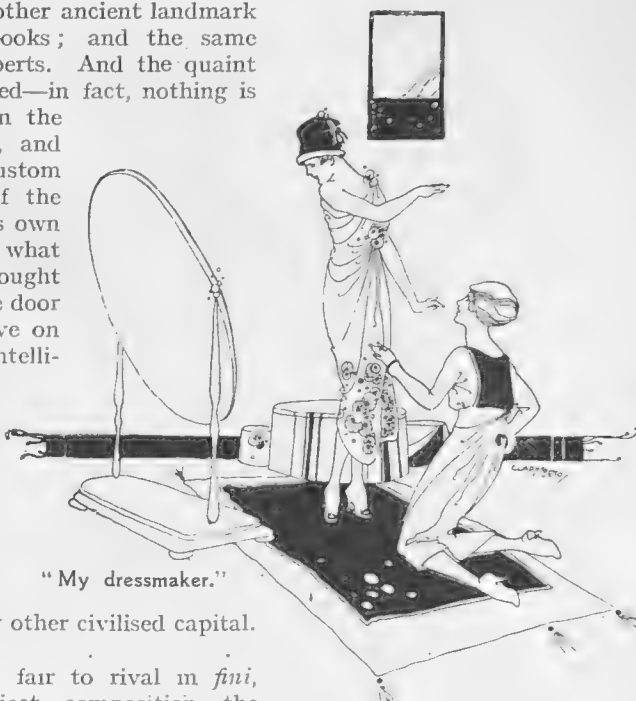
Well, in the ancient Babylonian Marriage Market the beautiful maidens were sold by auction, the results pooled and divided into dowries for the plain, so everyone obtained a husband—and let us hope everyone was satisfied! The homely had a chance of becoming beloved on closer acquaintance, like the wife of Disraeli, who, it is said, once asked her husband: "Tell me, my dear, you married me for my money, did you not?" "I did, my dear." "And if you were to marry me now?" "I'd do it for love, dearest!"

And very likely in a few years those who were beautiful and had to work hard at housekeeping (there's nothing so devastating!) became plain, and those who had time and money to spend on their looks became comely. I am sure, if this plan were pursued, women would never be what Mr. Jerome K. Jerome called in an early time of the *Idler* a "drug in the mart." I know he traced her declension from a spoil to that, the intervening stages being a chattel and a pound of tea.

This refers to the dowry stage and the habit of the grocers in the 'eighties of giving away some atrocity with second-rate tea. Soon we shall be offering them our pearls for a spoonful of siftings!

Finding myself at the south end of Chancery Lane recently with an hour to spare, I looked in Groom's Coffee Rooms to see if the coffee was all that it used to be and to watch chess. And I did see, as one usually can, some very excellent games. The place is as quaint as ever. The same collection of clean-shaven, hatchet-faced limbs of the Law; the same sprinkling of earnest Americans, who have presumably been doing the round of the Inns of Court and

are noting yet another ancient landmark in their pocket-books; and the same knot of chess experts. And the quaint interior is unaltered—in fact, nothing is changed, not even the pre-war, pleasing, and characteristic custom by virtue whereof the guest made up his own bill and paid for what he had had, or thought he had had, at the door on leaving. I have on occasion taken intelligent and incredulous foreigners to witness this symptom of essential British trustfulness, and I am relieved to find that I can still do so. There is nothing like it in any other civilised capital.



"My dressmaker."

Bead-bags bid fair to rival in *fini*, colour, and subject composition the tapestries of old. The smart shops just at present show reticules upon which landscapes or genre pictures are traced in beads of many colours. Frankly, these bags are more curious than beautiful, and one cannot help reflecting, in these days when useful labour is so short, how much time, patience, and skill has been spent on such vanity-bags (good word—vanity!).

Another novelty—pretty, but not superfluous this time—is the Gladys Peto handkerchief. A small square of some soft stuff upon which the dainty damsels designed by Gladys of the gay pencil pose themselves in alluring attitudes. When they see those dinky hankies, your flapper friend and her mother will rival each other as to which of the two shall catch the first cold of the season! Whichever on it is, you are not to offer ammoniated quinine and eucalyptus lozenges, but a dozen—or many dozen—of the Gladys handkerchiefs.

The Scots, we all know, have a good opinion of themselves, but this true story, I think, is rather nice. Early in the war a man over age wanted to join the Army. He had a fancy for the London Scottish, and said so when he interviewed the Scot in charge. "But, the London Scottish being a Scots regiment, you don't take English," he ventured.

"Aye, we do, mon," answered the Scot. "We are Scots, with a few superior English."



"Your flapper friend and her mother will rival each other."

SMALL TALK



I HAPPENED to hear Lord Curzon's defence of the Government's action over Mrs. Besant's release from internment, and was struck by the perfection of a speech which seemed to be delivered without a single note. Lord Curzon has always been a ready and fluent speaker with a peculiar talent for choosing the right word for his particular purpose, even if the purpose itself sometimes fails to give universal satisfaction. But of late he has excelled himself, and is, I should say, the one living statesman who most nearly approaches the grand manner of the old days. Readiness has always been a feature of Lord Curzon's mind. For example, when he was in Korea the Emperor seemed a little disappointed to find that he was quite young, and not a relation of Queen Victoria. But the Hon. George Nathaniel, as he then was, restored imperial confidence by the statement that he was still a single man, and therefore, by inference, also eligible for royal consort



ENGAGED: MISS ERICA BOWEN COOKE.

Miss Bowen Cooke, whose engagement to Lieutenant A. D. Robinson, son of the Rev. E. Robinson, Rector of Glenageary, Kingstown, is announced, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bowen Cooke, of Chester Place, Creve, and is an ardent war-worker.

Photograph by Bacon and Son.

Without Precedent. There is, I believe, no precedent for the Vote of Thanks of the two Houses to the Navy, the Army, and the Mercantile Marine, not forgetting the women in the medical and other services auxiliary thereto, the Overseas Troops, and the Bereaved. But, as Mr. Bonar Law says, the War Cabinet does not trouble about precedent, and there is really no reason why precedent should not be ignored in this matter. As General Smuts says, the war is practically won, and some acknowledgment is due at this stage to the brave men and women who have helped to win it. When actual victory comes, we shall probably be too busy for some time to deal in compliments, so that it is just as well to have them paid in advance.

Known by Finger Marks.

The late Sir William Herschel, originator of the finger-print identity system, is an example of heredity in scientific capacity. He was a grandson of the discoverer of Uranus, and a son of the eminent chemist and Master of the Mint, John Frederick Herschel, who became the first Baronet. Sir William was an Indian Civil servant, and his first tests of finger-prints for identification were made after the suppression of the Mutiny. It was not, however, till 1897 that the Government of India accepted a recommendation in favour of the adoption of the system which has been of such enormous value in Courts of Justice all over the civilised world.



ENGAGED: MISS MARGARET ENID CRACKNELL.

Miss Cracknell, whose engagement to Captain A. G. A. Hodges, Northampton Regiment and R.F.C., son of the Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Hodges, Barrow-on-Trent, Derby, is announced, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cracknell, of Babington Road, Streatham.

Photograph by Bassano

Quite Natural. I want someone to be sorry I am dead." A good many people have no doubt felt, if not expressed, this wish of the late Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. But his manner of securing this posthumous regret is quite original. For many years Lord Clifford let the Newton Rural Council have a certain water

supply at the rate of a shilling a year, but instructed his heirs to charge £40 after his death, so that he should be missed. The Cliffords of Chudleigh are one of the historic Roman Catholic families of England, going back to early Plantagenet days. A Clifford was Richard the Second's Ambassador to France, and two and a half centuries later another Clifford rose to great political eminence. This was the first Baron, one of the famous, or in famous, Cabal, and, as Macaulay describes him, the only honest member of it.

Hard at Work. Lord Stamford came of age last week, and Altrincham is the richer by several broad acres destined some day to blossom into a garden city. If the young Earl is to have a hand in the planning, the project is likely to be held up for a while, for Lord Stamford, who left Oxford to serve his country, is at present serving on the Staff at home. He is, however, not the only member of the family doing his bit. His mother is Commandant



JUST ATTAINED HIS MAJORITY: THE EARL OF STAMFORD.

The tenth Earl of Stamford attained his majority on Oct. 27. He has one sister, Lady Jane Grey, born in 1809. Lord Stamford's mother, the Countess of Stamford, is a daughter of the Rev. Charles Theobald, Rector of Latham, Hants; Rural Dean of Alton, and Hon. Canon of Winchester. The Earl of Stamford is a Lieutenant in the Territorial Force Reserve, and is Extra Aide-de-Camp to Sir Francis Lloyd. He, and his mother, the Countess, have given a portion of the family estates, at Dunham Massey, for workmen's dwellings.

Photograph by Lafayette

of the Red Cross Hospital installed in a part of Dunham Massey, the family home in Cheshire, where portraits by famous artists perpetuate the fame of the Greys of Groby, now represented by the holder of the Stamford Earldom, whose sister, Lady Jane Grey, is her mother's active assistant in hospital work.

Why Not? Tradition dies hard, and none harder than that which concerns bridal apparel. But precedent and tradition, be they never so deep-rooted, have to yield to all conquering Mars, and the Hon. Winifred Smith, Lord Colwyn's daughter, who was married the other day to Captain Roy T. Irons, set all rules and regulations at defiance when she scrapped the inevitable true lovers' knot trimming and elected instead to have the wings of the Royal Flying Corps, in which her husband holds a commission, embroidered upon her train. It was a delicate compliment to the bridegroom, and an immensely effective decoration into the bargain. After all, is there any real reason why the war bride shouldn't have guns, or castles, or serpents, or elephants, or any other crest on her frock, if she chooses? There are regimental garters and bed quilts, ties and handkerchiefs, so why not regimental trains?

Explaining Things

Signora Duse, the famous Italian actress, is conducting a theatre behind the Italian lines. A great many of the more ignorant soldiers—and Italy has a large illiterate population—fail to grasp the reasons why they should be in their present uncomfortable position. Italy has less than fifty years of national unity behind her, and it is, perhaps, not surprising that there should be among many peasants from secluded localities so little understanding of high politics. Duse lectures to these men in simple language, and her work in instilling the principles of enlightened patriotism is much appreciated by the authorities.

WIFE OF LORD CHEYLES-MORE'S HEIR: THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS EATON.

The marriage of Lieutenant the Hon. Francis Eaton, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Lord Cheylesmore, to Miss Nora Mary Parker, daughter of Mr. Erskine Parker, of Tasmania, took place last year.

Photograph by Lallie Charles



A NEW PORTRAIT: THE HON. MRS. MORRISON-BELL.

The Hon. Mrs. Morrison-Bell is the wife of Major Arthur Clive Morrison-Bell, M.P., and a sister of Viscount Powerscourt. Mrs. Morrison-Bell is to appear as one of the "Angels" in the Tableaux at the Palace Theatre, organised by Miss Elizabeth Asquith.

Photograph by Sarony.

TYING THE KNOT: SOLDIER AND SAILOR BRIDEGROOMS.



1. UNDER AN ARCH OF SWORDS: LIEUTENANT GODFREY KIESOW AND HIS BRIDE (MISS MARY MUIR) LEAVING THE SAVOY CHAPEL.

2. LEAVING ST. PETER'S, CRANLEY GARDENS: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. H. D. COATES AND HIS BRIDE (MISS STELLA MORCOM).

3. AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONJUGAL ALLIANCE: A PICTURESQUE WEDDING OF A BRITISH BLUEJACKET AND HIS RUSSIAN BRIDE IN A RUSSIAN PORT.

The marriage of Lieutenant Robert William Godfrey Kiesow, Lancashire Fusiliers, and Miss Mary Leicester Muir was celebrated at the Royal Chapel of the Savoy on Oct. 24. Lieutenant Kiesow is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kiesow, of Homewood, Bromley, Kent. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. R. D. Muir, the well-known Treasury Counsel, and Mrs. Muir, of 45, Sydenham Hill, S.E.—The wedding of Captain

(Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) G. H. D. Coates, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and Miss Stella Morcom took place at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, on Thursday. Mrs. Coates is the elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morcom, of Edgbaston.—British and Russian flags appropriately decorated the scene at the wedding of a British bluejacket and a pretty Russian girl, which took place recently in port in Russia.



THE King had a specially welcoming smile at a D.S.O. investiture the other day for Major Patrick Butler, the tall son of the late General Sir William Butler and of Lady Butler, the military painter. The King, being to the manner born, likes and remembers hereditary services and distinctions, and he

first knew the father of this young winner of the D.S.O. when he too was a Major. Some people may recall that Sir William Butler was a little supercilious about the D.S.O. when it was first established. But the gallantry which has gone to the winning of it in the Great War would long ago have won his chivalrous recognition. Major Butler had come to England from Salonika, bearing despatches. Only one disappointment awaited him. Neither Lady Butler nor his sister, Lady

ing wonderfully well"; and, a little later: "I see a lot of dear Benny, and he is splendid—supplies me with socks and chocolates, which are the two absolute necessities of life." People who wonder what is most appreciated at the front have there a Coldstreamer's candid opinion.

Bells v. Bombs. Not sweet bells jangled out of tune have been the wedding-bells sounding all through the war. Men from the front have listened to them with new ears, accustomed to sounds so very different. The marriage of Miss Zaida Wolff and Captain Willie Armstrong, only son of Lord Armstrong, offered in particular a study in contrasts. The bridegroom's names, William and John, are borne in memory of his two grandfathers—Sir William Armstrong, later the first Lord of the name, and General Sir John Adye. The Elswick Works at Newcastle-on-Tyne, his grandfather's foundation, have given us most of the guns made in England for many a year. A gentler man than the inventor of the Armstrong gun never breathed—a seeming contrast between a career and a character continued down to to-day in the person of Sir Wilfrid Stokes, the inventor of the gun bearing his name.



AT STOCKTON RACES: THERESA MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, WITH THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND, IN THE PADDOCK.

Theresa Marchioness of Londonderry is the widow of the late Marquess, who died in 1915, and mother of the present peer. The Marquess of Zetland was born in 1844.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Gormanston, was able to come from Ireland to go with him to the Palace.

"Bend Or." The Duke of Westminster, the first Duke to win a D.S.O., goes quickly from place to place. He has flashed on London lately, and then gone to Wales or to Scotland—mainly, it might seem, for the pleasure of returning to town again, always on some public duty bound. Lulworth Castle, rented from the Welds, has seen next to nothing of him, although he had hoped to be a bit of a Dorset man by now.

"Bend Or," the Duke's name with his friends, was abbreviated into "Benny" by his half-brother, Percy Wyndham, with whom he went to the front. Before Percy Wyndham fell, he had many allusions to the Duke in his letters: "Saw dear old Benny twice, last time the day before yesterday, look-



AN IRISH PEERESS FAMED FOR EMBROIDERY: LADY CAREW AT WORK.

Lady Carew is the wife of the third Baron Carew. Both her Irish home, Castle Boro, Enniscorthy (where this photograph was taken), and her London home in Belgrave Square contain many examples of her skill in embroidery.—[Photograph by Poole.]

A Peer of Paradox.

The birthday Lord Ribblesdale kept three days ago reminded him that he is sixty-three, a figure his well-wishing friends find it hard not to forget. He is a Peer of many paradoxes. Talked about as the most detached man in England, who studies politics with eyes aloof from all petty party conflicts, he has, all the same, the keenest interests in—everything. He is even a rather pronounced politician, as those who hear him talk can tell. Fastidious almost to a fault, and a lover of splendour in his appointments, he has lately lived in a mews off Park Lane, in rooms he built for his chauffeur.

The Duchess of Sutherland.

We are genuinely sorry that we inserted a paragraph stating that the Duchess of Sutherland had had her hair cut short. The statement came from a usually trustworthy correspondent, and we had no doubt as to its authenticity; but we sincerely regret any annoyance that may have been caused.



THE WEDDING OF LIEUTENANT CECIL NORMAN, RIFLE BRIGADE, AND MISS HELEN AVES: LEAVING THE CHURCH. Mrs. Cecil Norman is the daughter of Commander Aves, Royal Indian Marine, and Mrs. Aves, of Cheltenham. The wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.—[Photograph L.N.A.]

SPOOKS; MURDER; MYSTERY: "THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR."



1. READY FOR THE SEANCE: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL (IN THE CENTRE AT THE BACK, FACING CAMERA) AS MME. ROSALIE LA GRANGE, A SPIRITUALIST MEDIUM, IN "THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

2. THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION: (L. TO R.) MRS. CAMPBELL, MR. ARTHUR FINN AS PHILIP MASON, MR. LIONEL BELCHER AS WILL CROSBY, MISS HILDA BAYLEY AS HELEN O'NEILL, MR. JAMES CAREW AS INSPECTOR DONOHUE, MR. CHARLES ROCK AS ROSCOE CROSBY.

Spooks, murder, and mystery are the ingredients of Mr. Bayard Veiller's thrilling melodrama, "The Thirteenth Chair," at the Duke of York's Theatre, which provides Mrs. Patrick Campbell with an opportunity for a fine piece of acting as a spiritualistic medium. A seance is arranged in a private house by a guest whose friend has been murdered. Believing that he knows who did it, he instructs the medium to reveal

a certain name, but at the last moment the medium, Mme. la Grange, discovers that the suspected person is her own daughter, Helen O'Neill. During the seance, with the stage in total darkness, there is a cry and a scuffle. The lights go up, and the murdered man's friend is found to have been himself murdered. Finally, Mme. la Grange extorts a confession from the murderer—[Photos, by Wrather and Buys.]

The Nation's Fund for NURSES

A Thankoffering from the British Empire to British Nurses.

PLEASE READ THESE LETTERS AND SEND IN YOUR DONATION.

The College of Nursing, Ltd.,
6, Vere Street
Cavendish Square,
W. 1.
THE CHAIRMAN,
The British Women's Hospital,
21, Old Bond Street, W.

DEAR MADAM,

Will you convey to your Committee the grateful thanks of the Council of the College of Nursing for their kindness in consenting to raise a Fund to be called "The Nation's Fund for Nurses," which Fund is intended to provide endowment for the College of Nursing and a Benevolent Fund for individual Nurses themselves.

I am glad that you propose to call the branch of the fund which deals with individual nurses the "Tribute Fund," as this really expresses what it is and what it ought to be—a Tribute from the people of England, especially the women, to the nurses who have done such glorious work in mitigating the terrible suffering caused by the great war.

Yours truly,

(SIGNED)

Arthur Stanley,
Chairman College of Nursing.

G. H. Q.,
British Armies in France.

DEAR SIR,

Your scheme for creating a fund for Nurses who have lost their health during the war seems to me to be most necessary. All of us in the Army in France keenly appreciate the splendid work they are doing at home and abroad, often under most trying and dangerous circumstances, and I can confidently say that they have gained the gratitude and admiration of all ranks of the Armies out here.

Yours very truly,

(SIGNED) **D. Haig.**

Full particulars of the objects of this Fund will be sent post paid on request. Everyone should read the details of this timely tribute to the Nurses.

Please send Donations to The Viscountess Cowdray, 16 Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.1, or to the British Women's Hospital, 21 Old Bond Street, London, W. 1.

THERE is not a single soul in the Empire that does not feel a debt of gratitude to the Nurses in the Great War. They are magnificent. Yet, it will surprise most people to know that the Nursing Profession is without a complete organisation to help the Nurses in every way. That must be remedied. It can be. This Fund is arranged to do it. The cause is a noble one. The response we are sure will be worthy of the cause. The British Women's Hospital Committee have undertaken the work of organising and collecting for this Fund, believing that every man, woman, and child in the Empire will be glad to subscribe.

C. F. H.

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SWEET REASONABLENESS.



"Wot do them Generals 'ave all the brass on their 'ats for?"
"So as they shan't be took fer orficers, er course."

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.



"MILOR LE CAPITAINÉ" AND THE SUNFLOWER.

By AVRON STRAWBRIDGE.

Prologue.

The violet for the Modest; the wallflower for the Uneasy; the red rose for the Devoted; but the sunflower for those who, clutching at the skirts of happy chance, hope that their flirtations may be as numerous and startling as those of that great French King who thought himself the sun.

Moral—The sunflower is therefore a naughty flower, and, except to shade hens, should not be admitted into any self-respecting garden.

THE old Marquise de Brinville looked over at her graceless grand-daughter sternly.

"Cerisette," said she, "this must cease."

Cerisette brought her little feet together and stood at the salute—almost.

"Oui, grand'mère," she said.

"Out of three suitors who have presented themselves you have not accepted one!"

No answer.

"There was Vicomte la Ferre?"

"He had a turned-up nose."

"Tut, tut! Then there was Monsieur Pierrefond?"

"Who looked like a wet guinea-pig."

"But Monsieur de Janvry," burst out the Dowager indignantly, "he looked like neither of these."

"He had six maiden aunts, grand'mère," said Cerisette demurely, "and grave trouble with his digestion."

Her grandmother rose. "I have given you too much latitude," she said sternly. "You are an ill-brought-up child. The next suitor, however, you shall not refuse. Monsieur de la Tremouille is an excellent *parti*. He is to come this afternoon, and, if he does, I shall accept him for you. Understand, pray, that this is final—now go to your room."

Cerisette shut the door of her bedroom with a firmness that betokened some momentous decision; then all at once her firmness deserted her.

This was the afternoon! This afternoon . . .

At the head of the bed stood an old metal statue of St. Joseph, and before this she now fell on her knees, with a sudden sob.

"I will never forgive you, St. Joseph, if you let him come!" she wept. "Oh, give him sunstroke, St. Joseph; or corns on his toes; or a boil on his nose—anything to put him off!"

The old chateau bell jangled violently.

Cerisette rose. Softly she opened her door and tip-toed to the landing.

Madame la Marquise? bleated a sheep-like voice she knew only too well.

And the voice of old Antoine answered, "Oui, Monsieur le Comte; Madame la Marquise awaits Monsieur le Comte in the pink drawing-room."

The girl on the landing crept back to her room.

Cerisette's green eyes were wide. Cerisette's little cherry mouth

was white. She went over to the statue, took it off its pedestal, and looked it in the eyes.

"You have betrayed me," she said slowly.

Then firmly, deliberately, Cerisette, the descendant of Crusaders, did a very dreadful thing. She took the statue in both hands and hurled it out through the open window.

A voice was coming down the road—a jolly, devil-may-care sort of voice. And the song matched it—

"Et puis je m'en fiche, J'suis élégant."

J'ai une canne, Et j'ai des gants . . ."

As a matter of fact, Milor le Capitaine had neither; but what did he care? When one is young, a lord, rich, and the month is June, cane and gloves are not a necessity—besides which, instead of a cane, Milor le Capitaine was carrying a sunflower.

He carried it jauntily on his shoulder, as children carry a flag, and the light in the sunny eyes of Milor le Capitaine was almost as golden as the vivid flower itself.

To give you good courage, Capitaine," had said an old peasant woman as she presented the gift.

The Englishman's eyes had twinkled naughtily.

I shall need it if it's as good as its reputation," he had responded, hoisting the sunflower on his shoulder.

Now, of course, it was improper for a Capitaine to go singing down the road; it also was improper for a Capitaine to be carrying a sunflower; but, if Capitaines will do these things, they must expect something to happen to them.

It was at the corner of the grey house that the something happened.

Milor le Capitaine had just paused to light a cigarette and re-adjust his headgear at a more becoming angle, when . . .

Crash!

Something struck him on the chest, and left him breathless!

"A shell, and I'm dead," reflected the Capitaine, from force of expectation.

Then, happily discovering he was not dead and had no limbs to collect, he collected

his senses instead and looked about him.

And there it was! Almost at his feet.

Milor le Capitaine picked up the statue, and dusted it with care.

"Your methods of exit are too forcible," said he reprovingly. There was a pause.

The finder glanced thoughtfully at his trophy; then he glanced at the sunflower; then, getting from the latter a sudden inspiration, he glanced up at the window of the grey house opposite.

Luckily, Milor was of robust nature, or the second shock experienced by him that day would have been the undoing of him.

Before his dazzled sight a green-eyed flower on a delicate stem of frilly white muslin hovered for a moment at the window, then vanished into the background.

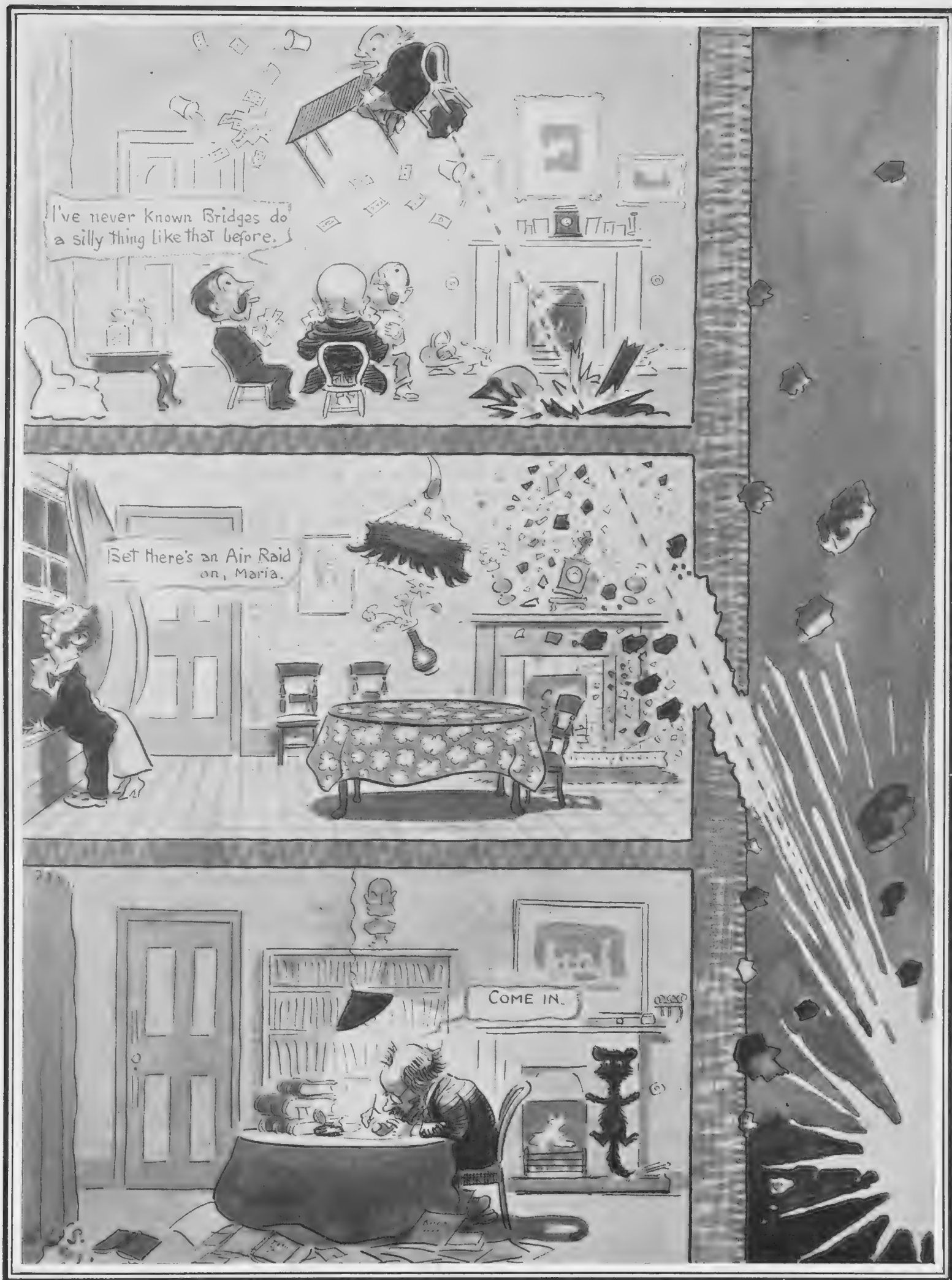
Continued overleaf.



A NEW PORTRAIT: THE HON. LADY HILLINGDON.

The Hon. Lady Hillingdon, of whom we give a new and charming portrait, is the wife of the second Baron Hillingdon, and, before her marriage, was the Hon. Alice Marion Harbord, daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield. Her elder son, Lieutenant the Hon. C. T. Mills, M.P., Scots Guards, was killed in the war, in 1915, and her other son, the Hon. Arthur Mills, M.P. for Uxbridge, is a Lieutenant in the Yeomanry. Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

ARE WE UPROOTED? NO!



BRITISH PHLEGM!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

"Have I been drinking?" reflected the Capitaine.
 "Of a very dangerous drink indeed," remarked the sunflower.

The Marquise was speaking.

"*Dans la mesure compatible* with the good up-bringing of a *jeune fille*"—and she calmly observed the would-be suitor from Olympian heights as if he were some worm—"I think I may go so far as to say my grand-daughter is *not* indifferent to the advantages of the alliance you propose."

"Ah!" breathed Monsieur de la Tremouille, gazing at his elastic-sided boots enthusiastically.

It was at this epoch-making moment, thanks to the evil influence of the sunflower, that Lord Gerald Anstruther's card entered on a salver.

Madame la Marquise put up her lorgnette

"And now, Mademoiselle," said she to the trembling culprit, "perhaps you will please *explain*."

Madame la Marquise sat in a big *bergère*. The two gentlemen leant against the mantelpiece. The statue, all alone, stood in the centre of the buhl table.

The green-eyed flower with the cherry mouth looked about her helplessly.

Never could she confess! Never—never . . .

Monsieur de la Tremouille was still examining his boots. The Capitaine was tugging at his little moustache.

"I want the *truth*," said the Marquise, as with her stick she pointed to the statue; and in her fine old ivory hand the stick seemed a flaming sword.

But there was no answer.

The enormity of her offence, now that she realised it, left the offender speechless.

Then something leapt from the Capitaine's eyes, and as she saw it Cerisette's dead heart rose.

"I punished St. Joseph," said she, in a strange, even little voice, "because he had betrayed me. I had told him I did not wish for Monsieur de la Tremouille as a husband—and he sent him all the same."

The Marquise tried to rise, but the horror of the speech had deprived her of all motion.

"Leave the room," she said slowly, but in a dreadful tone.



SPORTSWOMAN AND WAR-WORKER: MISS FINOLA MEEKING.

Miss Finola Meeking is a daughter of the late Captain Meeking, 10th Royal Hussars, and of Mrs. Herbert Johnson, of Marsh Court, Hampshire. In addition to nursing at her mother's hospital, she is Secretary of the Stockbridge War Savings Association, which by her energy she has made a great success. Like her sister, Miss Viola Meeking, she is a fine horsewoman and keen on all outdoor sports.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.]

Even as she spoke Monsieur de la Tremouille was taking up his hat.

"After the frank views expressed by Mademoiselle, I think it will be useless to prolong a painful interview."

"I agree with you," said the Capitaine.

The Marquise withered him with a look as the door shut behind the visitor

"Your *manners*, Monsieur ——" she was beginning, in indignant tones, when a strange thing happened.

"Madame," he said, in a voice that trembled oddly for an English Capitaine, "I have the honour to beg you to give me the hand of Mademoiselle Cerisette in marriage."

It was their wedding eve! The afternoon soot and drowsy.

Milor le Capitaine and Cerisette (under the vigilant eye of the Marquise, *bien entendu*) were sitting on a seat in the old rose-garden—and they were happy. For from to-morrow would it not be "Forever"?—"Poor too-joor," as Lord Gerald expressed it in his somewhat startling French.

There was a silence

"For ever," repeated Lord Gerald, and looked into her eyes

At that same moment

the same thought struck them both. Supposing they had never . . . never . . . *Mon Dieu*, it was not to be thought of simply . . .

"Zat *chère* statue, Jeral"—she pronounced him Jeral—whispered his small beloved, turning away shyly. She found him rather bold

"That dear *sunflower*, you mean," burst out her Capitaine. Then stopped dead, seeing he had made a mess of it

He glanced nervously at the Marquise; but the Marquise slept (or pretended to), so Lord Gerald, heaving a huge sigh of relief, went at the thing bravely. He endowed the sunflower—and it was his favourite flower, he said—with the attributes of the violet, the lily, the pansy, and the rose—in fact, he gave it such a character of unexampled virtue that the sunflower was nauseated. It would have taken to the woods, had it not been lying shrivelled where the ungrateful Capitaine had thrown it so many days before.

Cerisette, impressed, seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I'll have a surprise for you to-morrow," she whispered, as she took leave of her Capitaine.

"What *sort* of a surprise?" asked Milor le Capitaine doubtfully.

In one's youth one is charmed with surprises, but the Capitaine was getting old enough to be suspicious.

The organ crashed out its welcome; the hush became expectant; heads turned towards the door

It was at this precise moment that the gallant Capitaine nearly fell backward into the arms of his best man; that the Marquise, supported by two maids, was only kept from immediate extinction by the prompt application of a smelling-bottle; and that even Monsieur l'Abbé, coming down the altar steps to marry the child he had christened, came to an abrupt standstill. For there, tripping up the aisle on the arm of a short-sighted great-uncle, was the little bride, and clutched in her hand, instead of the proverbial bouquet, was—oh horror! of horror!! of horror!!! of horrors!!!!—a brazen, lurid, impudent, and impenitent *sunflower*!!!!

"I was *sure* you'd be pleased, Jeral," whispered the little bride as they came down the aisle.

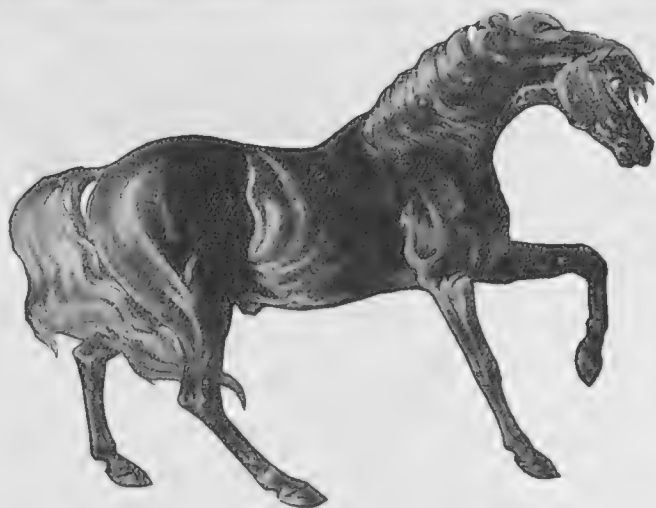
"You study me too much, little one," responded the noble Lord gloomily. And he was thoughtful for quite some minutes.

THE END.



THE CHATELAINE OF RICHINGS PARK: MISS VIOLA MEEKING.

Miss Viola Meeking is the sister of Miss Finola Meeking and the elder daughter of the late Captain Meeking, 10th Hussars, and of Mrs. Herbert Johnson, of Marsh Court, Hampshire. She excels in golf, riding, and tennis, but is now devoting much time to nursing at her mother's Auxiliary Military Hospital, at Marsh Court. Miss Viola Meeking is the owner of a charming old place, Richings Park, in Bucks, to which she succeeded in 1912.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.]



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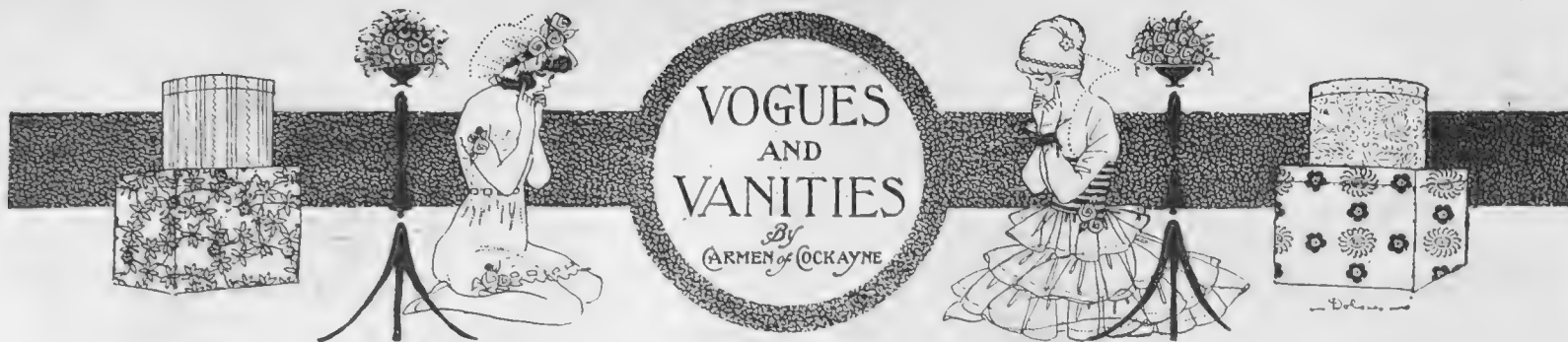
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Hidden Beauty. A pessimistic writer to the Press wound up his remarks on women's love of dress in war time with the observation that he really couldn't think what their clothes were coming to. Some people are never satisfied. Personally, I am

wondering where they are going to. A little more of the retreating business, and there will be nothing left of the loveliness that now stalks—unseen for the most part—about the world in the name of lingerie. As it is, it would provide a splendid object-lesson in thrift carried to its extreme limit, and command far more attention than any number of yards of red or blue or yellow posters. The decline of *dessous* during the great world war will furnish the fashion historian of the future with material for an interesting if brief chapter. Just now, women who still retain an interest in clothes and underclothes are intent on making the best use of the little that remains.



A close-fitting boudoir cap of organdie-muslin is greatly enhanced by pale-blue blanket-stitching on the scoops, and a broad blue ribbon round the neck.

interest in clothes and underclothes are intent on making the best use of the little that remains.

Keeping Up an Illusion.

One of the best and brightest ideas in the "nightie" line insists on keeping up a show of winter seemliness, though no one would accuse it of overdoing things even on the hottest summer day. Pale-pink georgette supplies what substance there is, and real fit defines the round low neck and the short wide sleeves, though ermine is equally correct and just as *chic*. But the fur touch is optional, and smartness in the boudoir or bedroom does not by any means depend upon its presence. Heavy, embroidered crêpe-de-Chine has indisputable claims to distinction, and the latest nightdress is provided with



The ermine trimming is for warmth on a pale pink crêpe-de-Chine nightie with a lace and net yoke.

at least two pockets, capable of holding powder-puffs and other essentials that one does not care to be separated from for long, even in an air raid.

Lace for Loveliness.

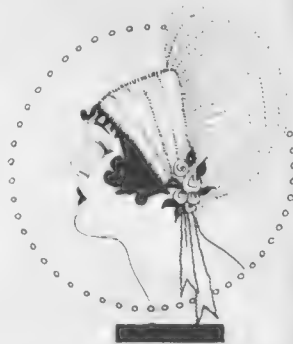
But even when you have dealt with crêpe-de-Chine and georgette, which are used for other indispensable things besides nightdresses, you have not got to the end of what the lingerie-makers can do when they really set their minds to it. Lace, which one usually associates with the trimming side of the business, is the latest substitute for the more substantial linen of a bygone day, and in a really fine quality of tambour requires very little but shoulder-straps of ribbon and a rose or two to turn it into a transparently lovely "set," with a chemise that belies its

fragile appearance by doing duty as a cache-corset in addition to fulfilling its natural functions. Talking of fragility, it is curious how things as well as people have developed unsuspected qualities of usefulness owing to the war. Brussels net, for instance, does not suggest resistance to wear and tear, but makes up, nevertheless, into quite serviceable under-garments, and can be embroidered in any design that the fancy of the owner dictates.

What a Bit of Luck!

We are always urged to keep up our spirits, and having pretty linen—the kind that Harrods, Ltd., in Brompton Road, keep in such wonderful variety—is one way of doing it. There must be heaps of women thanking their stars for the boudoir that allows them

to sink into mountains of downy cushions, there to forget, in a mass of soft fripperies, the stress and strain of life. If there is anything that could make woman fall headlong into temptation, it is a robe of apricot-coloured georgette, with an Empire yoke of fine creamy lace, and a high cincture of heliotrope velvet sandwiched in between two thicknesses of the material, but breaking out into loops on either side of the front. People who prefer the more modern pyjama need not despair of looking equally attractive so long as there are enough suits of white crêpe-de-Chine smocked and girdled with pink to go round; and lovely things of lace and linen-lawn go to show that more conventional tastes are also studied.



An asset to the boudoir is this quaint cap of dull silver net with a wide band of orchid-blue satin.

Clothes for Youth. Though things for older people take up much of the time and energy of those who make clothes, it is not to be supposed for a moment that the interests of the younger generation are overlooked. On the contrary, it is not

long after a baby passes the white muslin and pink-ribbon of the short-coating period before its personal appearance becomes the especial care of those who spend their working hours evolving new and fresh schemes to enable the men and women of tomorrow to present a good front to the world. Four years old may not be able to live up to imperial Russian sable, but manages to put up an excellent defence against the chilly attentions of winter in white rabbit disguised as ermine, and is quite equal to the ordeal of braving publicity in a perfectly tailored coat of rather largely checked black and white tweed. Harrods supply him with hats and muffs to match the one, and suitable accompaniments for the other.



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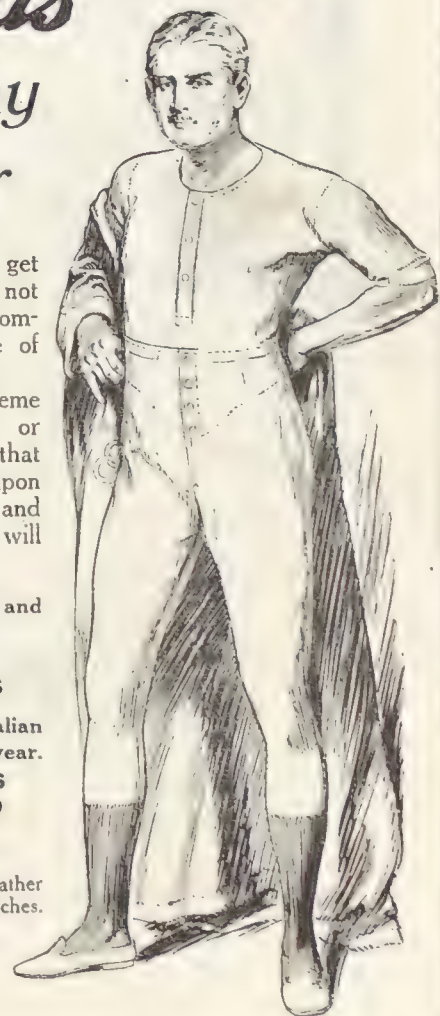
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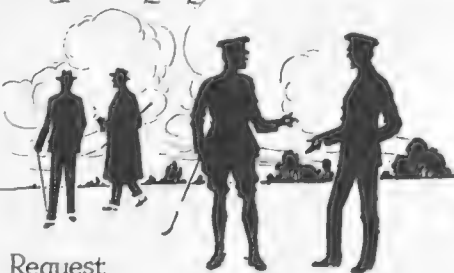
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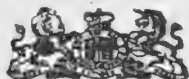
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—, Essex,
4th Oct., 1917

Dear Sirs,
At the end of July I wrote telling you that owing to a serious illness
my hair was coming out at an alarming rate. You were good enough to send
me a bottle of Tatcho. It gives me very great pleasure to tell you that its
use has been followed by the most satisfactory result. My hair has not
only stopped coming out but all over the scalp there is a fairly thick growth
of new hair. Will you please send me—by return, if possible—another
bottle exactly like the last, with an invoice, together with two bottles
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Yours faithfully,
—, M.D., L.R.C.P.

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Hun Visiting-Cards.

No one expects the Huns to be considerate, but when they don't visit us according to our own time-tables we are greatly inconvenienced. Not so, however, the so-called *Russian Jew* aliens who leave London in droves the afternoon before a raid for places about twenty miles away. The Hun must be said, then, to be considerate to his friends, for undoubtedly some of these people know he is coming with the latest aerial-torpedo visiting-cards. Those responsible for leaving so many Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians free in our midst from the beginning of the struggle have, in a sense, hundreds of lives on their consciences. No possible enemies should be allowed freedom on the chance, and our law of British-born constituting a free-born Briton, and giving all privileges accordingly, may be fraught with no little danger. German taint is racial, and cannot always be eradicated by birth in any other country.

Anarchical Fashions.

It seems to me that there is no thing that one may not wear on body, head, hands, or feet and yet look quite in the fourth autumn of the war picture. The picture is really a charming one; seldom have women looked nicer. There is certainly one article taboo—long may it stay so!—the crinoline. Skirts are less full than they were, and not quite so brief. No particular period is slavishly followed in dress, but several are indicated. I have passed in Bond Street a woman who more than suggested Directory fashions; a few yards further, another who sent one's thoughts to a George III. riding-dress; another to an Eastern houri of what period I don't know, since modes last long in the Orient. At night at the Opera I saw a Watteau girl, a Romney effect, a Persian-garden pretty woman, a saucy Carmen-like costume, and many more. They all looked just right.

A Real Patriot.

Lord Meath is, I understand voted a horrid man. This is for no stronger reason than because he deprecated, in a letter to the papers, the presence in hotels all over the country of young women of money and leisure who were enjoying life and forgetting there is a war on. Lord Meath is a splendid man and a real patriot, and in writing his letter has done the thoughtless girls and their selfish parents a real good turn. These girls are wanted to help to win the war; and if they do not so help they will be unhappy in the present, however many games they play, and miserable in the future, when they have no record of work to show, and when only those who have will be honoured and respected. Mostly I believe that parents, particularly mothers, are to blame. The old idea of matrimony being the one career for girls dies hard with the matron, and there are lots of young officers in training. It may be

the best career, but it can't be the only one, for men will be scarcer than ever. So girls had best be up and doing—husbands won't go round.

The Cup That Cheers.

Shortage of tea—was ever a threat so terrible for womankind? Even mankind is by no means left cold by it, for he, too, has succumbed largely to the charms of tea. The matter sent me off at once for a little store of my favourite Formosa Oolong to the tea-rooms at 36, Piccadilly, and I got it without trouble; and it is, I consider, a quite delicious tea. When I take friends there—they are the nicest lunch and tea-rooms I know, and the charges are most moderate—I am always asked about the tea, and seldom does any friend leave without a packet to try at home. It always proves satisfactory, for it does not take much to produce a good potful, and it is just as nice at home as at the restaurant. What amuses me is to see soldier men have it put up in quarter-pounds to stow in their tunic pockets. That, I think, speaks volumes for what they think of it.

The Stocking Hat.

That we should turn our stockings into head-gear had not occurred to us, yet I can assure readers that there are very smart and jaunty little hats, among a wonderful, fascinating variety at Debenham and Freebody's, made of the top portion of a silk sports stocking, which is used to cover the upturned brim. The crown consists of a woolly scarf of a colour harmonising with the stocking. It would be very economical to use the tops of our stockings for our heads when our feet had outworn the bottoms. I fear, however, that the tops used for hats are brand-new, and that we must, furthermore, wear stockings to match those of which the hat-brim is composed if we are to extract the last ounce in originality and style from this foot-and-head dressing idea. Well, economy and style will not amalgamate—and, so far, we have not got a Clothes Controller.

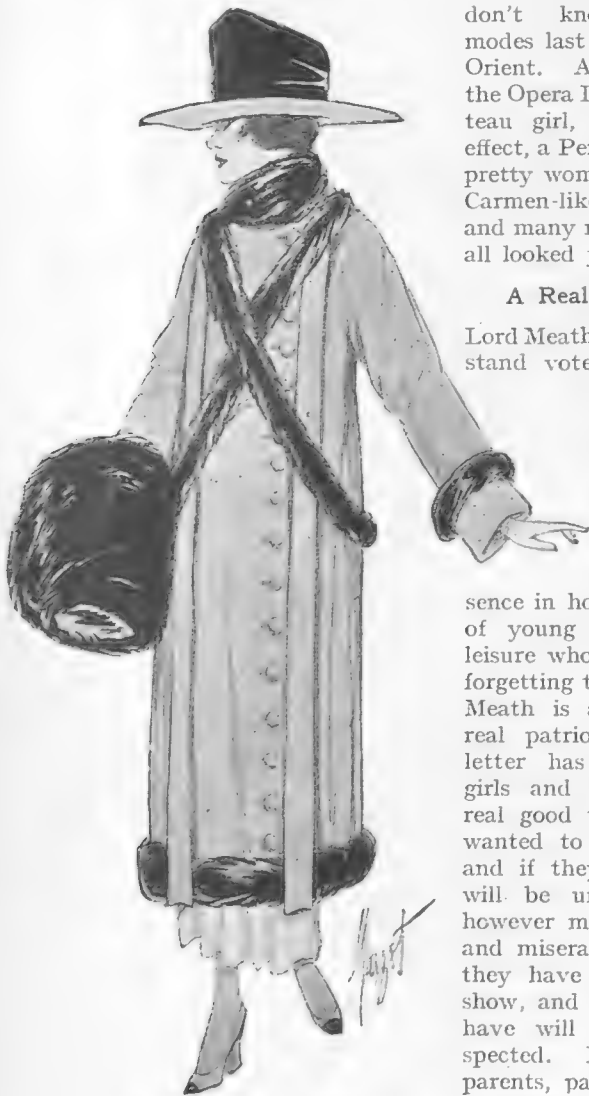
The Right Way.

"And oil to make him a cheerful countenance." I have always thought that the Scriptural phrase referred not to the shininess of oil on a countenance, but to its preservative and anti-wrinkle properties. Mrs. Adair, the world-famous complexion specialist, recognised this when she introduced for the benefit of women's skins her "Ganesh" Eastern Oil. It removes lines and fills out the skin, and gives that cheerful countenance which cries so effectual a "halt" to the old man with the scythe. This is not, of course, the only "Ganesh" treatment; tired eyes may be restored to young brightness, double chins eliminated, imperfect contours restored, and marks on the face obliterated by different methods. Those who have not time to go to Mrs. Adair's at 92, New Bond Street, will do well to write for advice as to home efforts after the famous "Dara" treatment. We must not emerge from war time strained and tired and aged. Our duty lies quite the other way. Moreover, apart from the emerging when the war is over, we must not forget that the war-weary men from the Front do not like, when they are on leave, to be confronted with a crowd of dowds.



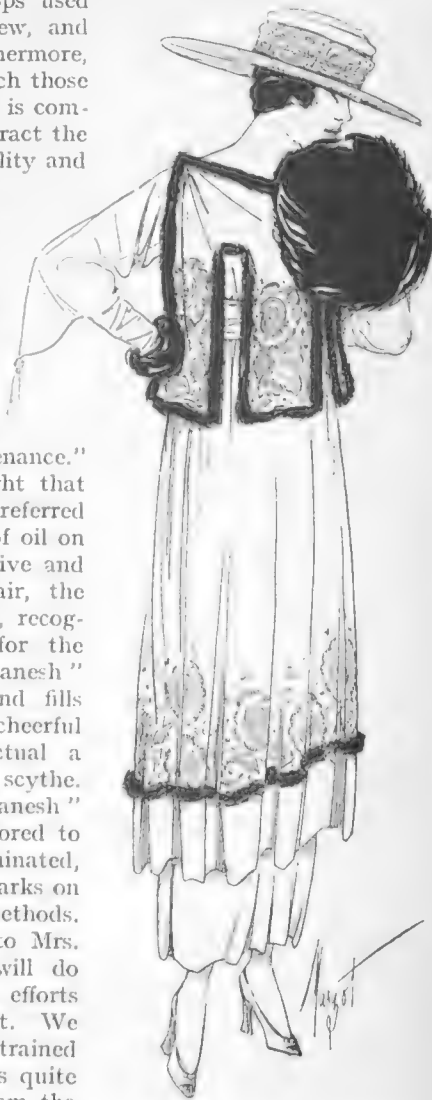
AN ORIGINAL MODEL FASTENING AT THE SIDE.

This charming frock is carried out in gun-grey charmeuse with self-coloured embroideries relieved with touches of emerald-green. The collar is draped up on one side; the dress also fastening at the side with metal buttons with a touch of green.



A WARM COAT WITH FUR TRIMMINGS.

An afternoon coat, which is warm as well as smart, is made of moss-green duvetyn with bands of skunk.



A NEW IDEA FOR A COATEE.

The originality of this dress is its coatee, cut into panels and edged round with skunk. The material is seaweed-green taffetas, embroidered in multi-coloured silks.



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The genuine olive oil in which "Skippers" are packed comes principally from France and Spain, and it now costs *three times* what it did before the war. We could have met this by substituting inferior oil, but we chose to safeguard the food of the people, and especially of the children, for whom "Skippers" are so precious a food.

We therefore determined to meet the extra costs by *reducing* the profit on "Skippers" and increasing the price. "Skippers" are now sold on a smaller margin of profit than ever before, but the quality remains the same.

Especially now when butter is hard to obtain, ensure the children's health by giving them plenty of "Skippers."

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WOMAN'S WAYS

Singularity of the Camp Theatre.

It is an outstanding fact that there is nothing that the average soldier enjoys better than seeing himself on the stage. Not all the hours of the Gaiety and the Palace combined could please him so much as the spectacle of some shambling oaf in khaki who has not yet learnt his profession. Such characters always appeal to his keen sense of humour, while any allusion to discipline will at once set the theatre in a roar. We had a grand military melodrama at the Camp Theatre last night, and my attention was divided between the delicious absurdities of the play and the faces among the serried ranks of the khaki audience. Certain facts stand out. It is only your civilian who takes a burning-interest in spies, however beautiful and alluring, for Tommy coughs and shuffles while they are being worsted by the Intelligence Brass-Hat, though he is all eyes and ears when the cook's son promoted a Second-Lieutenant carries off the Vicar's daughter from Lord Arthur, a private (with an eye-glass) in his own regiment. It is true the cook's son inherits, by the 9 p.m. post, the pretty sum of £20,000, which makes his suit more acceptable to the Vicar; while Lord Arthur, good soul, consoles himself with a whisky-and-soda. In this delightful play, among a dozen or so of soldiers, not a man of them could swim; and it was the aristocratic heroine who plunged into the icy North-Sea at ten o'clock at night, cut a cable under a floating buoy half-a-mile

"MENTIONED" FOR WAR SERVICES: THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE

Lady Stradbroke is the matron of the T.F.N.S., Henham Hospital, Wangford, Suffolk, and has been "mentioned" for her valuable services during the war.

Photograph by Bassano.

from the shore, and returned as neat and cheerful as you please, having disposed, during her adventure, of a Boche submarine. Such doings add to the gaiety of nations, and one need not marvel that Tommy crowds our Camp Theatre.

Peers and Paying Guests.

With rising prices and future taxes, the rich and great will presently be hard put to it for a living. Already a home has thoughtfully been provided for the Prime Minister of England, including a fund for paying an adequate staff of servants. This provision, indeed, enhanced the gift a hundredfold, for what would be the use of a Tudor mansion set in a green park if your Premier had not the wherewithal to pay menials to wait upon him? How the "rich" are going to live in the hard times coming is a problem which may be solved in several ways. The lodger has long been the stand-by of the artisan; why should not Peers take lodgers, filling their lordly pleasure-houses with paying guests? Terms would vary with the size and situation of the country seat, and those numerous individuals who sleep sounder when lying on a pillow embroidered with a ducal coronet would cheerfully pay handsomely for that privileged slumber.

The Resilient English.

The inherent gaiety and good-nature of the youth of England have never been put to such a test as in this war of horrors, and these qualities have emerged triumphant. As a matter of fact, you cannot beat a nation so equipped, for temporary difficulties and defeats only serve to stiffen their resolve; morally and mentally they cannot be broken or dismayed; and the popular question, "Are we downhearted?" and its triumphant answering shout, symbolise in a homely phrase the whole attitude of the British race, here and overseas. We have the power to recover quickly which serves us well. Our very lack of power and imagination, a certain inability to think of any thing but the immediate task at which we are plodding with all our might, makes for victory.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON

SOCIETY GOSSIP

What Lord Warwick Remembers.

Lord Warwick has a lot of pleasant things to say about King Edward VII. and Lady Warwick's Socialism is not echoed in his complaints about the legal disabilities of landowners. He is a sportsman first, however, and a politician afterwards. He even found a certain sporting pleasure in buying an interest in a mine in Mexico, and selling it again to a Wall Street financier. It is, perhaps, pretty certain that finance is not his forte; and his recipe for making a drunken man sober has this disadvantage—that snow is a rare and fickle visitant. For the famous *bal-poudré* at Warwick Castle, the ladies must have a *coiffeur*, and from Paris. He came, and he was not sober. Time pressed; and the men of the party rolled him in the snow until he found his own head, and furnished the heads of the ladies. "Vive l'Entente!" is Lord Warwick's exclamation of gratitude for a disaster averted.

Sir John Simon and the War.

The reason given by Sir John Simon for joining the Army in the field is, highly honourable to him. He has always been a man of great activity, mental and physical, and, although he modestly expresses the opinion that it is but little that a man of his age and training can contribute, those who know him and appreciate him will be inclined to think that he has underrated the value to the country of the truly patriotic step he has taken. It is something for a Privy Councillor, brilliant barrister, and Member of Parliament to devote himself to active service in "the forties," and about as palpable a proof of patriotic fervour as so distinguished a man could give.

Converts to Spiritualism.

To those who are not within the circle of acknowledged spiritualists it is rather a matter for surprise how the cult is spreading. Without question, the mental and spiritual strain of the war is one of the causes of this effort of the mind to stretch out to where "beyond these voices there is peace," and the eagerness to find a source of consolation is inducing many to join the ranks of the spiritualists. That they have various well-known men of science on their side is a notable feature in the growth of their influence. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle referred last week to the importance to everyone of a study which aimed at the breakdown of the wall between two worlds.

War Weddings.

The war wedding of to-day is not as the war wedding of a year ago, and still less like that of the early days of the war. People have begun to recognise that, while exceptional parade would be absolutely bad form, the cloud of anxiety which cannot be altogether dispersed should be lifted for the time on such occasions. Flowers and dainty dresses, smiles and handshakes, and hearty expressions of goodwill could never be more timely and more welcome than to-day. No one makes what is commonly known as a "fuss" about war weddings, but it is almost as bad form to minimise as to multiply the outward signs of good-will for the happiness of those brave enough to face new responsibilities in such a period as that through which we are passing. Brighter weddings are becoming more and more frequent, without seeming to strike a note blatantly out of harmony with the times. The step is one in the right direction. To give a young couple a kindly and cheering "send off" was never more desirable.



A WEDDING PORTRAIT: THE DUC AND DUCHESSE DE VALLOMBROSA.

The Duchesse de Vallombrosa is the daughter of the Comte and Comtesse du Bourg de Bozas.—[Photograph by Taponier.

ENGAGED: MISS EILEEN SHORTT

Miss Eileen Shortt is the eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Shortt K.C., M.P., of Onslow Gardens, S.W., and is engaged to Captain Thomas Bromhead Butt, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, son of Mrs. Bromhead Butt, of Fackston Gardens. Miss Shortt is working at the War Office.

Photograph by Swaine

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MOTOR "GAS-BAGS" ONLY: BOMBS, NOT "AERIAL TORPEDOES": INFLATED SUITS FOR SEAPLANE PILOTS.

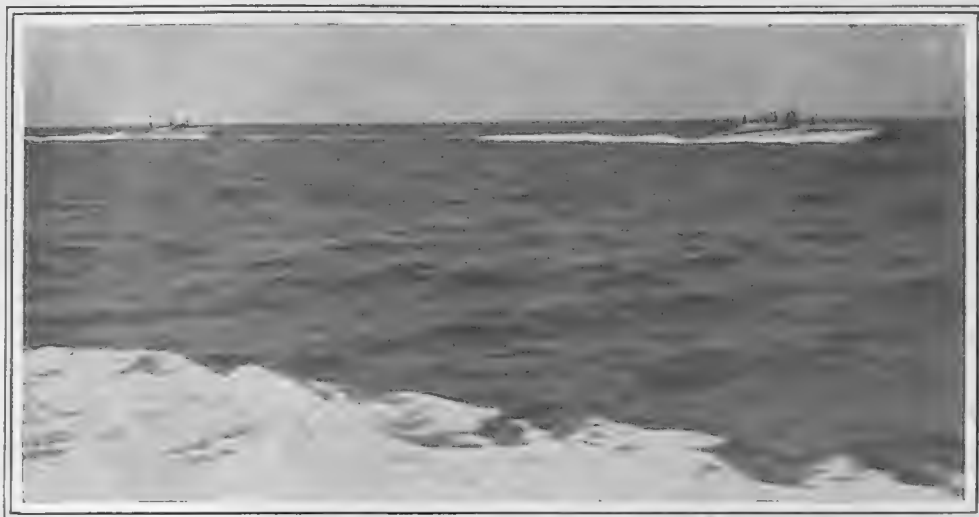
Doubly Checked. An official assurance has been sought by the Automobile Association from the Ministry of Munitions to the effect that coal-gas might be used on motor-cars without restriction. The Ministry of Munitions has replied that, so long as the gas is conveyed, as is the case at present, in bags, at or slightly above atmospheric pressure, and not compressed in steel cylinders, it is not considered that there is any need, on general grounds, for restricting the use of coal-gas for motor purposes. At the same time, it is added that, if motorists were to use coal-gas on any considerable scale, it might become necessary, in the interests of national requirements, to impose at some future time certain restrictions upon its use. Obstacle thus succeeds obstacle. As I have already pointed out, the supply of cylinders is limited, and that fact alone has served as a setback to the coal-gas propaganda. The official sanction, confined as it is to gas-bags, is a still more serious check, for the gas-bag is entirely unsuitable for the ordinary open car.

The "Aerial Torpedo" Myth. Who started the "aerial torpedo" myth? The daily papers have published circumstantial stories galore of the havoc wrought by this (alleged) new implement of war, so that it is small wonder that the man in the street should firmly believe in its existence, or that one's barber—as happened to me a day or two ago—should describe how he had seen one measuring five feet eight inches. Others, gifted with a more lively imagination, will tell you that they have actually seen an "aerial torpedo" performing luminous gyrations in the air during a raid. The underlying theory, indeed, is that the supposed new weapon can take a lateral or other course, as distinguished from the direct drop of the bomb; while the "aerial torpedo" is also believed to be much the bigger and more destructive of the two. All the same, the fact remains that there are no aerial torpedoes. What has happened is that bigger bombs have been dropped of late than formerly, and some have been found intact owing to their not having exploded. The torpedo idea is due to the fact that the bombs are provided with vanes, which are so designed as to actuate the fuse mechanism. And even the 110-lb. bombs used by the Gothas,

invested with torpedo-like qualities is at once erroneous and absurd.

For Seaplane Pilots.

There are some of us old enough to remember the swimming of the Channel by Captain Webb; others, a little younger, can recall Captain Boyton's exploit in paddling himself across on his back, encased in a suit of inflated rubber. Great things were expected to come from the latter performance; it was not only to be a new means of travel by water, but of universal application as a life-saving apparatus.



FIGHTING THE U-BOAT: ITALIAN SUBMARINE-CHASERS ON DUTY.

Italian Naval Official Photograph.

None the less, it came to naught, albeit the reasons may have been purely commercial, as in many another case. Now, however, the idea has been revived for the benefit of seaplane pilots. From a Thames steamer I watched the other day Mr. Lot Morgan disporting himself in the river, between Putney and Hammersmith, in a manner that recalled Captain Boyton in almost every particular. The inflated life-saving dress, in fact, is now being put forward by the Davidson Aviation Company, of Hammersmith, as a necessary part of the seaplane pilot's equipment; and, as the suit only weighs 12½ lb., there seems no particular reason why he should not take this measure of precaution against the consequences of an involuntary descent when miles from land. By the aid of a double-bladed paddle he might in many cases propel himself to safety; while, apart from that, he could fire rockets, and possibly even construct a raft.



GAS IN PLACE OF PETROL: A MOTOR-BOAT AND ITS BAG

Photograph by Topical.

or on our own machines, are several feet in height, including the vanes; while the 500-pounders which can be carried on larger machines are still more formidable in appearance. But they are bombs pure and simple, and any notion current as to their being

The Biter Bit. Aircraft manufacturers have had their full share of labour troubles during the war—indeed, I have heard of so many cases to the point that I can only hope they are not typical of industrial conditions generally, and that for some reason or other the makers of aeroplanes have been peculiarly unlucky. There are times, however, when humour can be extracted from a vexatious situation, and in this connection I may retail a story told to me the other day by the managing director of a big seaplane works. He was visited in his office, it appears, by a workmen's deputation, who asked for an advance of wages to the tune of five shillings per week, and adduced the rise in the price of food as justification for the demand. Regarding the amount as excessive, he offered them an advance of half-a-crown, which was refused. The matter was then submitted to arbitration, as a result of which the men were awarded a rise of three shillings. For a time all was peace, but by-and-by another deputation invaded the office. "We got that three shillings all right," they said, "but it's no good to us." In response to the very natural query "Why so?" they continued, "Our landlords have stuck three shillings on to the price of our board." Then the managing director duly pointed out that their original demand was based solely on the rise in food prices; and surely, he said, that was a matter which concerned the landlords who bought the stuff. The men retired grumbling, and now the firm is wondering what the next excuse will be.

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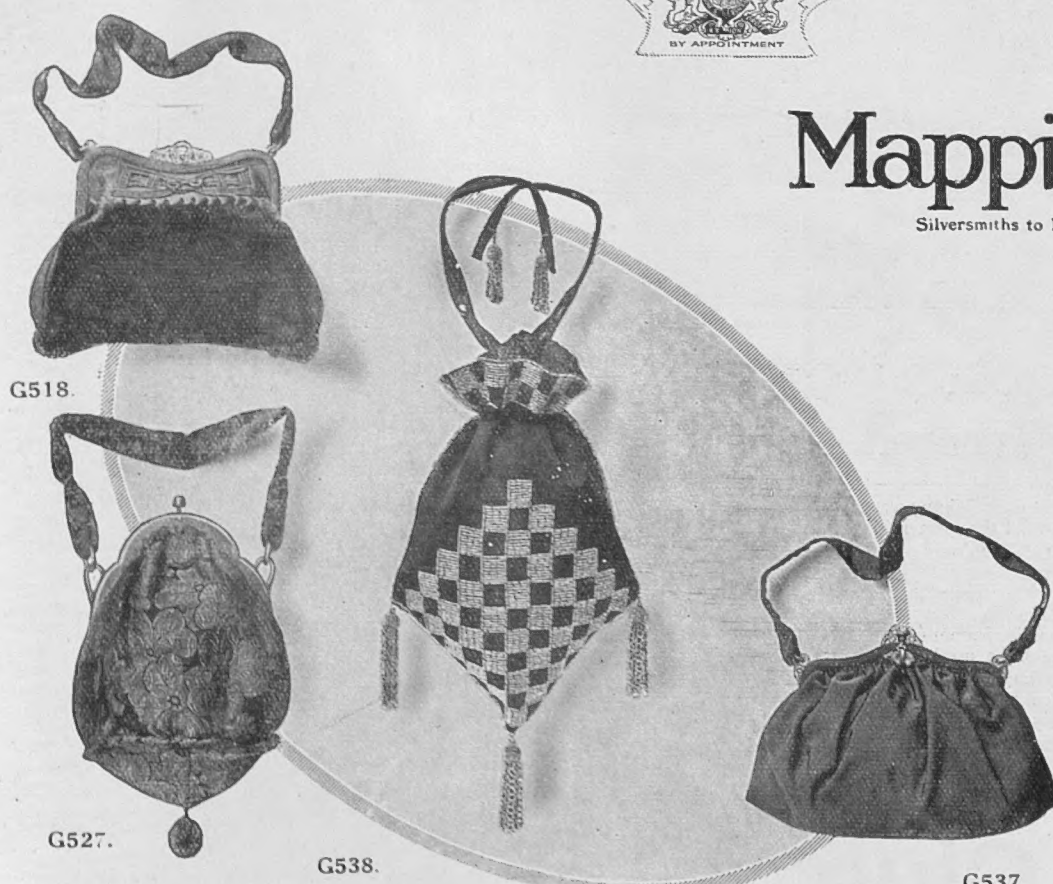
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

PLAYS are divisible into two classes: those that seem crowded because the author has had too much material for his space; and the others which suffer from the fact that padding is necessary. No doubt there is the third class, with exact proportion between space and material; but, then, of course, one does not think about the topic at all.



LITTLE TICH AS MUSICIAN: MR. HARRY RELPH
AND HIS 'CELLO.—[Photograph by C.N.]

agree with the statement that "a mirror is the heart of a woman," which, after all, is an impertinent piece of nonsense. But what were Messrs. Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes to do with their two lovers until the time arrived for her to set him free and become a mere woodsprite again? There is a horrible dilemma. A woodsprite must grow old physically or remain young: it would be awful to live with and grow old with a woman who never changed, and, of course, the immortals don't grow old. So there had to be a lot of padding—some ingeniously pretty, some

rather obviously comic, and some a little laboriously pathetic. There was an aggravation in the fact that the woodsprite and her mortal rival were "doubled"; both were played by Miss Renée Kelly. Doubles in drama are distraction. The audience is so curious to see what devices will be used when the double characters are supposed to appear simultaneously, and how the playwrights will find time for the player to change costumes and make-up, that the glamour and make-belief of the play vanish. Yet I think some of the house enjoyed the trickery of the doubling: it was a kind of double doubling this time, for the statue had to change into the sprite, and the sprite into the English rival, and back, and back again. Quite agreeable performances by Miss Kelly and by Mr. Nares, who represented her lover, though both seemed afraid of throwing too much passion into their work, and yet perhaps they are wise, for real passion seems too disruptive for such doll's-house surroundings. Mr. George Elton charmed us as the old sculptor, and Miss Haidée Wright quickened the play by her intense work as a sightless singer. Also there was excellent work by Messrs. A. E. Matthew, Leon M. Lion, and M. Sherbrook.

"The Willow Tree," at the Globe, is a case of insufficient material. Quite a jolly first act with its pretty setting and agreeable little touches of old Japan and of modern English; also a comic note of present-day Japan, horribly vulgarised by contact with the West. And we were thrilled when, at the wish of the young Englishman, the statue of the beautiful woodsprite came to life and loveliness, though possibly the ladies of the audience were offended by the suggestion that the trick of incarnation was accomplished by placing a mirror in the wooden bosom of the image; and they won't

performances at Daly's Theatre, and, in honour of the event, has

put on new frocks and further gorgeousness; also there are new numbers quite good of their kind. Fortunately, the old cast is still at command, apart from the fact that the popular Mr. Bertram Wallis now replaces Mr. Arthur Wontner. Miss José Collins, if possible, has improved her brilliant performance; Messrs. Mark Lester and Lauri de Freece are funnier than ever. Miss Faith Bevan sings prettily, and Miss Mabel Sealby contributes a useful piece of soubrette work. Altogether an admirable performance.



THE BOX AND THE BULLET: A WOUND-SAVING TIN.

This tin of "Greys" was hit by the shrapnel-bullet shown on it, and saved its owner, who was carrying it in his haversack, a nasty wound.

Mr. Bertram Wallis now replaces Mr. Arthur Wontner. Miss José Collins, if possible, has improved her brilliant performance; Messrs. Mark Lester and Lauri de Freece are funnier than ever. Miss Faith Bevan sings prettily, and Miss Mabel Sealby contributes a useful piece of soubrette work. Altogether an admirable performance.



The Captain Mechanical Transport

I've often wondered what job that poet Johnny was on when he wrote, "Through the ruts in the road that the rain had made, and where there was never a road." I'm wise now. He was in Emma T's. However, I bump and bear it. The grin comes when I get going with an Army Club Cigarette. It's a smoke that makes a man forget little affairs like diving acts in Johnson's, and places that are umpteen miles from nowhere. I believe my chaps always wait to see me light up before they toddle up with their tales of woe. They know that good temper is my long suit when I'm behind an Army Club. Let me alone with my convoy and plenty of Army Clubs, and I'll jog along contentedly till Fritz's military machine goes on the scrap-heap.

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"The Head of the Family." Here comes an enchanting medley of the picturesque and the tragic with Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new book, "The Head of the Family" (Methuen). "Beausire"—you will not easily forget that name for the intense, beautiful creature whom you will remember long after the more glib Cynthias and Daphnes of romance become hopelessly mixed up. The name is explained, but remains none the less distinguished, with a haunting quality like that red flame of a beard worn by the man whom Beausire loved; add Phoebe Louisa, pretty as paint, flitting about the neat vegetables and shelves of her shop in Lewes High Street with the air of a sharp, brown bird, and you have the fatal three, ripe for tragedy. Between them blew a mighty wind; the red walls of the old Lewes houses, and the downs behind, fold upon green fold, offered no shelter therefrom, for it was a wind of passion. "Without reason, without modesty, common-sense, proper self-respect, or any of those qualities in which she had been reared and schooled, Beausire was in love. . . . She was going to love William Linkhorn for the whole of her life, whatever happened, and whatever he did or not do: rustic William Linkhorn, slovenly, drunken sometimes, working on the land, huckstering vegetables—brutal very often, in spite of his gentle eyes, for labouring men have their invariable brutal moments. She knew that? What difference could any of it make? She whispered to herself absurdly. Oh, but it's him!" She belonged to that little tribe of fully blest though tragic women." I shall just leave this fragment under your eyes, and I



A BUSY WORKER IN FRANCE: MRS. HOPE OF LUFFNESS. Lieutenant-Colonel George E. Hope of Luffness, M.C., was reported as missing on Oct. 11, but there is reason to think that he is safe, as a prisoner of war. Mrs. Hope of Luffness is a busy war-worker in France.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

am pretty sure, should you read new novels at all, you will read this one. And if, subsequently, you reflect that Beausire and William and Phoebe each do impossible, incredible things, I put it to you that those are just the things people *do* do. Most of all, the rustic labourer—man and woman. They are nearer the earth and the elemental life of it than the people who make the qualities in which Beausire was reared. But which will you most like—the lurid situations in Phoebe's greengrocery, the subtlety and terror of the life lived by the two deserted women, hating each other except in the rare moments when they loved (mostly about tea-time, tea having worked its daily miracle with their souls), or the lovely touch of Mrs. Dudeney when she gets out of doors? Which do I? When you tell me, I will confess to you; meanwhile, no analysis of that lovely touch could be better than rustic William Linkhorn's: "You get funny thoughts and you see funny ways out there upon them hills all day, as I've been all my life. Same as if you've been drinking: things look foreign-like."

Artistic value and historic interest are the notes of the reproductions in colour, after drawings by Mr. Francis Dodd, of portraits, on an enlarged scale, of famous men in the Army and Navy who are prominent in the war. The first series includes Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Jan C. Smuts, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, and Admiral Sir David Beatty. Vividly faithful as portraits, with the sense of actuality which colour imparts, they have also something of the effect of century-old colour prints, and will be much admired by collectors. As they cost only half-a-crown each, suitably mounted, they are sure to be in great request. They are published for the Government from the offices of *Country Life*, Ltd., London.

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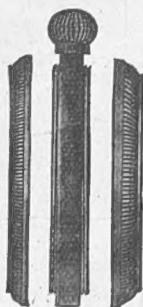
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